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No. 489

#### THE UNDISCOVERED SHORES.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The roving winds blow landward And bring the breath of blossoms To us, from that strange country We dream about so much. The breath of sweetest blossoms That bask in one long summer Where sorrow payer cometh. And no one groweth old.

Sometimes, in dreaming moments, fancy that I see them With sunshine all about them—
The undiscovered shores. stretch my hands out, yearning to touch the deathless flowers, and drink of the clear fountains. So near, yet far away.

So near, yet ar away.

So near, that in those moments
The dropping of an eyelid
Brings them before my vision
To glad my weary eyes.
So far I cannot find them
As sweetest things of earth are
Forever on beyond us,
And only seen in dreams.

Oh shores that haunt my fancies In shores that haunt my fancies in sleeping or in waking, right with the bloom of summer For ever, ever more, ou fill me with strange longing s, in the cold, white winter, 'e' dream of roses' fragrance And long for summer days.

## Freelance,

## The Cavalier Corsair:

THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Nautical Romance of the Early Years of the Nineteenth Century.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE CRETAN ROVER," "MERLE, THE MUTINEER," ETC., ETC.

A GRAVE BETWEEN THEM. LIKE a flood of silver light the moon's rays down from a

bathed land and sea in its halo of dreamy luster.
The winds had died away, and the waves broke with muffled sound upon the pebbly beach, while in the background the dark line of forest echoed to the shrill notes of songsters—the mock-birds of the South, trilling forth their melody, as though in joyful admiration of the calm beauty of the scene.

Along the curving shores of the Gulf, here

Along the curving shores of the Gulf, here and there gleam from the magnolia forests, the snowy walls of a plantation villa, surrounded upon either side with spreading acres, tilled by the dark hands of the slave, whose white cottages are visible in the distance.

In front of these homesteads, the abodes of wealthy and aristocratic Southerners, lying at anchor upon the waters of the Gulf, are visible yachts of various sizes and rig, but with sails furled for the night, and no one visible upon their decks, for the world seems to have sunk to sleep under the calm influence of the hour.

Along the shore, and in front of the villas, winds a broad carriage-drive, and in the distance appears a horseman, slowly riding along, the hoofs of his steed falling lightly upon the

At length he halts in front of a massive gate

way leading into the handsome grounds of a willa situated back from the road.

Peering through the foliage he beholds a light in one of the windows, and from his lips break

Quietly he enters the gate, closing it without a sound behind him, and then leaving the drive that approaches the house, he skirts the fence, and rides toward a distant clump of trees, through which patches of white glimmer in the moonlight.

Nearer and nearer he approaches the clump of trees, using his spurs to force his horse on, for the animal seems to dread some danger lurking in the dark covert, or, with the peculiar instinct of dumb brutes, dreading to approach the spot where the dead lay at rest.

Presently through the foliage a white fence was visible surrounding the property annuments.

was visible, surrounding the marble monuments erected over those who had sunk to sleep forever; but, apparently with no superstitious feeling regarding a cemetery, the horseman urged his horse forward, and springing to the ground threw the bridle-rein over a post.

As he did so the animal started with a loud and the started with a loud started

snort, but a word from his master calmed him.
What had caused the sudden fright of the
steed was certainly sufficient to cause human nature to become momentarily unnerved, for a form, clad in white, advanced from the shadow of a marble tomb directly toward the horseman,

"Lucille, my darling, you are a brave little girl to meet me here," and he drew the slender form toward him, and, bending over, imprinted

a kiss upon the upturned face.
"It is not a cheerful place, Launcelot, for a lovers' tryst, yet I do not fear my dead ancestors, for I have never harmed them; but then I

had an idea that our other rendezvous was known, and hence wrote you to come here."
"And I would have come anywhere to meet you, Lucille; but has anything arisen of late to

arouse your suspicions?"
"Yes; my father seems to watch me, and yesterday forbade me to go, after nightfall, to the arbor on the cliff; but tell me, Launcelot, when will our meetings be no longer secret?"

"To-morrow, Lucille, I intend to seek your father and tell him of my love for you; he, as I before told you, knows who I am, though you do not, other than what I have told you regarding myself."

I main longer out in the night air, and to-morrow our fate will be sealed."

"Devil incarnate! this night shall your fate be sealed."

The words rung out loud and stern on the

"And I have kept my promise and never made one inquiry regarding Mr. Launcelot Vertner, the handsome young gentleman who saved my life, and then stole my heart," said the maiden, playfully. "You will find, Lucille, that I have deceived

you in one thing only, but I did so with no dis-honorable motives, I pledge you. "Circumstances over which you and I had no

control caused me to beg you to keep our meetings a secret for the present, and a fear of losing you perhaps made me err in this; but to-morrow you shall know all, for, having been North at school, since you were a very little girl, the rumors of the neighborhood are unknown to

"I hate gossip, Launcelot, and frequently have to hush up old Mammy Chloe, who, like many other old negroes, likes to chat about the affairs of others; but to-morrow you will see

papa?"
"Yes; and, Lucille, you will still love me, come what may?

"Never can I love any one else, Launcelot; but you are sad; do you dread trouble?" and Lucille laid her hand gently upon the man's shoulder, while the moonlight, streaming down

The maiden was scarcely more then seven-teen, with a Madonna-like face of wondrous beauty, and a tall, willowy form, perfectly

Molded.

She was dressed in white, and her embroidered skirt trailed upon the dew-gemmed grass, while a mossy worsted wrap encircled her shoulders, and half hid the masses of golden hair and have try head.

The man was six feet in hight, as straight as an arrow, full-chested, with broad shoulders, and a form that was not only elegant, but denoted great strength and activity.

He was dressed in a riding-suit, top-boots, and a gray slouch hat, the broad brim being turned

up, permitting his face to be visible.

And it was a face that few could look upon and not admire—a face of beauty in every outine, blended with nobleness and calm dignity,

dignity that amounted almost to sternness, when the features were in repose. The complexion was dark; the hair and long,

drooping mustache, black, and the eyes restless and full of fire.

Replying to the maiden's question, the man said, slowly: said, slowly:

"It seems almost too much happiness, Lucille, when I think that I may win you as my wife, and bitter obstacles are before us; but we will hope for the best. Now you must not re-

"Launcelot Grenville, I curse you!"

The words rung out loud and stern on the night air, and a dark form bounded from the shadow of a tree and confronted the lovers, an upraised arm and knife in hand. But, quick as was his spring, and taken by urprise as he was, the man thrust Lucille to one de, and a pistol gleamed in his hand, aimed di-

ectly at the heart of the assailant. "Drop that knife, Colonel Darrington, or I will kill you!"

"For Heaven's sake, do not fire, Launcelot; it is my father!" and the trembling maiden sprung between the two men.

Instantly her lover lowered his pistol, while "Forgive me, Lucille; for the moment I forgot that he was your father, and only; looked upon him as the lifetime foe of my race."

"Ay, Launcelot Grenville, and from this mo-

ment your foe unto death. "Now, in the presence of my daughter, there nust be no scene; but to-morrow, sir, you shall ear from me, and the sun shall set upon one

hear from me, and the sun shall set upon one Darrington or Grenville less."

"Oh, Launcelot, are you a Grenville?" cried Lucille, half shrinking away.

"Yes, Lucille: I told you that there were bitter barriers between our love for each other—I am Launcelot Vertner Grenville," said the young men calmy.

oung man calmly

"And you love this man, Lucille?" cried the father, turning toward his daughter.

"I do, father, with all my heart and soul."

"God bless you, Lucille; and, sir, I love your daughter—hold, and hear me—I love her with the honor of a true man, and I would ask you and her to let the dead past bury its dead, and the names of Darrington and Grenville become

"Stay, Colonel Darrington, and remember that I am the one that is offering the right hand of fellowship to the man who killed my The voice of Launcelot Grenville was deep

and stern, but his manner was earnest, and there was no tremor in the hand he held forth to Ferd Darrington. "By heaven, sir, you will dare me to strike you even here. Never will I consent that your blood and mine shall mingle in the veins of a human being. Only in hatred and the bitter struggle for life and death shall your blood mingle with mine."

"So, he, it Foud Dominion to The Struggle of the struggle of the struggle for life and death shall your blood mingle with mine."

So be it, Ferd Darrington. You have spoken, and the grave now yawns between us— a grave I was willing to step across with ex-

"Father, this gentleman saved my life, for he it was who saved me the day I was kidnapped by the coast pirates; he it was who attacked them single-handed, killed two of their num-

"Great God! is this true, Lucille?" and the strong man staggered back as though dizzy

with overwhelming emotion.

"It is true, father; I told you that a horseman passing, and doubtless a traveler, came to my aid, and I told you the truth, for only days after, when out riding, did I meet him, and from that time on we met often, until learned to love him with all the devotion

And, Colonel Darrington, fearing that Lu cille would turn from me in horror, knowing me as Lance Grenville, I gave her part of my name, that of Launcelot Vertner, and it was

name, that of Launcelot Vertner, and it was my intention to-morrow to seek you and ask that the past might be forgotten."

"And again I say—never!"

"Father, I love him, and he loves me: he has as much, if not more, as I remember the history of the fearful vendetta between our families, to forgive than you and I, so listen to our appeal, father, and let the past be buried forever."

The maiden's voice was plaintive and appealing, and approaching her father she rested a hand upon either shoulder, and looked beseechingly into his white, stern face.

igly into his white, stern face.
But the devil of his nature had complete as endency, and in hoarse, cutting tones, he I swear it! Your life, or mine, Lance Gren-

Come. Lucille." The maiden quickly sprung from him to the ide of her lover and throwing her arms around

of my happy dream of love! Farewell! forever,

Drawing her quickly toward him he pressed a kiss upon her cold lips, and turning away sprung into his saddle, and dashed swiftly from the scene, urging his splendid horse, by a mighty leap, over the picket fence that surrounded the handsome grounds of the Darrington villa, and flying down the road at a mad bace that proved how his noble heart was torn with grief and descript. with grief and despair.

THE DUEL-VENDETTA.

COLONEL FERD DARRINGTON, a stern, haughty man of forty, and the last male survivor of his race, sat on the broad piazza of his elegant rouse, the morning after the scene at the burying-ground of his family.

His brow was dark and clouded, his lips firm at and his ever engine out more the waters of

set, and his eyes gazing out upon the waters of the Gulf with that fixed stare, which proves the thoughts are far away.

Presently the rumble of wheels awoke him from his reverie, and glancing up he beheld what, in his time, he had never seen before—the well-known carriage of the Grenvilles, coming up to the door of his home.

Instantly he was upon his feet, his face livid, when from the vehicle sprung a young man, clad in the attire of an officer in the United

ever before had a word passed between

Ascending the steps, the young officer said, coldly, though bowing with politeness:

"Colonel Darrington, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, and I address Lieutenant Arthur Grouville."

Grenville."
"You do, sir, and I have called to ask, Colonel Darrington, if you intended it as a personal insult to me when you named, in your affair with my brother, Mr. Rosal Abercrombie as

your second—a person whom I certainly do not look upon as a gentleman, and will hold no communication with."

"You can take it as you choose, Lieutenant Grenville, and, after my meeting with your brother, I am perfectly willing to hold myself answerable to you," was the quiet reply of Ferd Darrington.
"It is my desire, sir, that your meeting with me be prior to that with my brother, and, as I decline to act with the second you have named,

we can arrange the time and place for ourselves

we can arrange the time and place for ourselves personally."

"Ah, I see your drift, sir. You wish, if possible, by killing me, to prevent a meeting between myself and Mr. Lance Grenville," said Colonel Darrington, with a sneer.

"You guess aright, sir. Knowing the immediate cause of quarrel between you and my brother, I fear that he will not attempt your life, and that you, in your merciless nature, should spare him, I have no idea, so I desire to place the meeting on a more equal footing, by being the first to face you."

"I will willingly oblige you, lieutenant, after I have met your brother, but peremptorily decline doing so before, and as you object to Mr. Abercrombie, and I wish to place no obstacle in the way of my hostile meeting with Mr. Lance Grenville, I will refer you to Mr. Van Loo as my second."

Arthur Grenville bowed, and, with a look of disappointment upon his face, entered his car-

riage and drove away.

As the vehicle drew up for the footman to open the gate, a slender form suddenly sprung to the window, and Arthur Grenville beheld

ne of the most beautiful faces he had ever boked upon.

It was now white, the eyes were ned with weeping, and the traces of deep sorrow rested upon every feature, and still the face was ex-quisitely lovely.

"Ah, sir, beg Launcelot Grenville not to kill thereon was deeply marred by the bullet, and my father!"

The words and voice were pleading, and saw that it was the miniature likeness of Lucille

century before, when a Grenville had been the successful rival of a Darrington for the hand of a beauty and heiress, and had eventually ended in bloodshed, the mantle of hate descending like an heirloom from father to son, until at last two of the name had met and loved each other.

So impatient was Fard Darrington to meet

an heirloom from father to son, until at last two of the name had met and loved each other.

So impatient was Ferd Darrington to meet the man who had dared to love his daughter, that the brothers found him and his second already upon the field, they having come there upon horseback, accompanied by a negro servant who bore the deadly weapons to be used in the affray.

Bowing coldly to each other as they met, the two seconds then walked one side, while Colonel Darrington impatiently paced to and fro, an evil glitter in his eye, and Lance Grenville leaned against a tree, his arms folded, his face pale, but emotionless, and his eyes gazing afar off upon the gulf, as though striving to look into the great beyond and behold the fate in store for him.

How he would have shrunk in horror from that future, had he read in those blue waters the destiny that awaited him.

State of Mississippi. That the schooner was an armed craft was evident at a glance at her build and rig, for vessels of her long, narrow hull, and single-stick masts that raked far aft, with an almost piratical rair, were not found in the merchant service.

As she drew nearer the land, a person would have discerned upon her decks four guns to a broadside, and a bow and stern chaser mounted upon a pivot, while a crew of sixty men were idly grouped about, looking at the pretty villa plantations that dotted the coast.

Upon the quarter-deck were several officers, who, like the men, had a foreign air, and whose dark faces, medium-sized statures and bright eyes denoted that they were of Mexican origin.

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for him.

How he would have shrunk in horror from that future, had he read in those blue waters the destiny that awaited him.

"Colonel Darrington, Lieutenant Grenville informs me that his brother was the one who rescued your daughter from the coast pirates, some months ago, are you "aware of that fact?"

meronis me that his brother was the one who rescued your daughter from the coast pirates, some months ago; are you 'aware of that fact?' and Paul Van Loo turned to his principal.

"I am, sir, and I am surprised that Mr. Grenville should endeavor to shun this meeting by hedging himself behind a favor rendered to me and mine," was the haughty retort.

"You mistake, sir; Mr. Grenville is represented by his brother, who, in the hope of ending this affair without a fatal termination, told me of the circumstance which none of us in the neighborhood before suspected, and, believing that, if known to you that you owed to Mr. Lance Grenville the life, and perhaps more, of your daughter, this present difficulty might be averted, I spoke as I did."

"I thank you, Van Loo, for your good intentions, but nothing that Mr. Grenville has ever done, or could do, will mitigate in the slightest degree my hatred for himself and name, and you will oblige me by immediately making arrangements for the duel."

Paul Van Loo seemed surprised, and drawing

Paul Van Loo seemed surprised, and drawing a sword from its scabbard tested its temper, while Arthur Grenville walked toward his brother, who had not seemed to hear the effort made at a reconciliation between himself and

A few moments more, and throwing aside their coats the two men stood facing each other, swords in hand, for, as the challenged party, Lance Grenville had chosen those weapons, and his motive for doing so was soon evident, for, a superb master in fence, he had determined to disarm his antaquist and give him his life.

disarm his antagonist and give him his life.

A few passes, and the blade of Colonel Darrington was twisted from his hand; but, without following up his advantage, Lance Grenville lowered the point of his weapon, and said,

For the sake of Lucille, sir, I will give you

"My life I will not accept at your hands, sir, and as you have proven my master with the sword, the pistol will place us upon a more equal footing," and Ferd Darrington was white with rage, and seeing that he was determined, Paul Van Loo had no alternative but to take

Lance Grenville made no reply, but a grim smile crossed his face, and he stood like a statue

It soon came, given by Paul Van Loo:

head severed by the bullet from Lance Grenville's pistol—a splendid specimen of marksman-Paul Van Loo sprung to the side of Colonel

Darrington, crying:
"Colonel, you saw his shot? He has twice saved your life, and I beg now that this affair

The white lips of Ferd Darrington parted, and

the words were hissed out:
"I demand another fire! Load those pistols

"I demand another fire! Load those pistols again, Van Loo."
"It rests with Mr. Grenville, whether he will meet you again," said Paul Van Loo, evidently hurt at the determined hate of his principal.
"My brother has twice risked his life, and twice spared that of Colonel Darrington. I will not consent to another fire," said Lieutenant Grenville hofty.

Grenville hotly.
"Then I shall hold him responsible whenever and wherever I meet him, after leaving this field," came the quick retort.

"Arthur, if it has to come to chance encounter to settle this affair, let it end here. I will exchange shots again with Colonel Darrington," said Lance, and his lips slightly quivered as though with some inward emotion that was abelian him.

choking him.

Again the two men faced each other, and once more the word was given to fire, and both pistols were discharged together.

As the smoke drifted away, Colonel Darrington was discovered lying his full length upon the ground, while Lance Grenville stood with folded arms, glancing down upon him, and with an expression of intense sorrow in his face.

"I have killed him, Arth, and Lucille will now curse me."

"I have killed him, Arth, and Lucille will now curse me."

There was a depth of feeling in the words that proved how terribly the strong man suffered, and Arthur Grenville made no reply.

"Yes, he is dead. But, Grenville, you acted most nobly; are you not hurt?" and Paul Van approached Lance Grenville.

"At the first fire his bullet struck here—see! This turned its course from my heart, and it gave me a mere flesh wound," and he took from his breast-pocket a miniature set in a heavy gold indented, and the face that had been painted seems a coffin upon the waters.

"I would an an and a merry voice in the vehicle, while another answered in girlish tones:

"Oh, I would so like it to be a buccaneer that is all."

"I shall not let you go alone again. I shall only feel safe when you are with me."

"And I only feel safe when with you. Ralph, was the face of all Gazing in fixedly, we even if you will never cease to love me, will you? Never even if you hear anything that would make you hat me?" she asked, eagerly.

"I will always love you, pet," he said, ear-office."

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"I will always love you, pet," he said inquire into her poom. Her husband rose smilingly to meet discussing the presence of the rakish-looking schoomer lying at anchor so near inland, and which the moonlight plainly revealed, floating ave the lines to her goom, and walked quickly to her to her room. Her husband rose smilingly to meet her.

"What als you, Lucille? You look as if you hear anything the there the namicously inquired.

"Wha

The words and voice were pleading, and Arthur Grenville seemed moved with pity, while he answered sadly:

"Alas, Miss Darrington, I tear that it will be the other way; but it will do all in my power, for your sake and my brother's, to prevent a fatal termination."

"Got bless you," and stepping back Lucille allowed the carriage to go on, while she traced her way to the mansion, keeping a hedge between herself and the eye of her father, who still paced the piazza.

Having objected to the young man named as Colonel Darrington's first second, on account of his wild and dissolute, character, Arthur Grenville. Until the meantime Paul Van Loo, aided by the servanted as it had. In the meantime Paul Van Loo, aided by the servanted as it had termination."

Before t

a small cove, sheltered by a heavily-wooded point of land of what is now the coast of the State of Mississippi. That the schooner was an armed craft was

broidered in green silk a scrpent.

One person upon the quarter-deck stood near the helmsman, directing him how to steer, and that this man commanded the destinies of the

robust this man commanded the destricts of the schooner was evident at a glance.

Possessing a tall, commanding form, attired in a costly uniform, and with a strikingly handsome face, in which a settled sadness was blended with sternness, he was a man both to fear and admire, and always to respect.

Searchingly his gave ran along the shores and

Searchingly his eyes ran along the shores, and the wind being favorable, he gave an order to the helmsman to head toward a certain point, where the white walls of a villa gleamed through a dans mass of foliage.

where the white walls of a villa gleamed through a dense mass of foliage.

As the schooner neared the shore the sun went down behind the western horizon, and half a score of small pleasure yachts that were sailing upon the waters, filled with gay parties, headed for their respective anchorages, and darkness settled upon the sea just as the armed vessel swept up into the wind and dropped anchor within a quarter of a mile from the land.

chor within a quarter of a mile from the land.
Instantly the sails were lowered and furled, and the schooner rode quietly upon the waves, as silent as though the three-score men upon her decks had gone to rest.

Thus an hour passed away, and then a reddish glare was visible on the eastern horizon, and into the clear skies sailed the moon, con-

voyed by fleets of stars upon her way.

As the silvery beams of light marked a path

As the silvery beams of light marked a path across the rippling waters, a boat was lowered over the schooner's side, and into it sprung a single personage, who seized the oars and pulled with a strong, quick stroke toward the shore. As the moonlight fell upon his face it displayed the officer who had guided the schooner to her anchorage.

Landing under the shelter of the cliff he dragged the boat half out of the water, by a slight effort of his great strength, and quickly ascended to the hill above. ended to the hill above

Here he paused, and a shudder ran through his frame, as he stood with folded arms gazing down upon an open, grass-covered spot in front

I cannot tell; but certain it is an irresistible desire has made me come again to the scenes where I have suffered so much.

awaiting the word.

It soon came, given by Paul Van Loo:
"Gentlemen, are you ready?"
Both men bowed.
"Fire! One!—"
With the word one, the pistol of Ferd Darrington exploded, and a dull thud was heard, while Lance Grenville started slightly, and moved one step backward; but, instantly, he recovered himself, and suddenly raising his pistol fired above his head at a red-bird—in hue a fit songster for that scene—that sat singing in a songster for that scene—that sat singing in a tree above the heads of the two men.

Instantly the red-bird fell from his perch, his condensation of the scene—that sat singing in a similar fer the windows of a lordly house, once his own.

"Ah me; how bitterly cruel Fate has dogged

once his own.

"Ah me; how bitterly cruel Fate has dogged
my steps, and now led me back to this spot—and

why?

"God knows why; but I am the football of destiny and must not hesitate now but go where-soever my guardian ang:l, be she good or evil, would lead me—and she leads me yonder."

He turned abruptly and glanced in the other direction from the villa in which the lights were visible, and there his eyes rested upon another house half a mile distant—the place to-ward which the schooner had headed when a league out from the land.

With a hasty step he strode away from the spot that seemed to recall such embittered memories, and crossing the highway approached a massive gateway that seemed crumbling rapidly to decay by total neglect.

Springing over the fence he stood hesitating in the grounds, which were overgrown with rank weeds and underbrush, while back a few hundred paces arose dark and gloomy the walls of a large mansion, now almost hidden by the dense growth of trees surrounding it.

"There she lived, and—perhaps died; but whether she is alive or dead I will soon know, for yonder burying ground will tell the story.

""Twas said she committed suicide after she knew her father fell by my hand, and then that story was contradicted and none knew where she had gone "God knows why; but I am the football of

story was contradicted and none knew where she had gone.

"She cannot live in yonder old mansion, which Time is rapidly making a ruin of; but I shall see— Ha!"

Quickly he bounded into the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway as the roll of wheelers to the shadow of the massive gateway.

massive gateway as the roll of wheels came to his ears, and an instant after a carriage appeared on the highway, while its occupants were discussing the presence of the rakish-looking schooner lying at anchor so near inland, and which the moonlight plainly revealed, floating as silent as a coffin upon the waters.

into what appeared a bedchamber.

"Here I can learn what I would know about her; but I will first seek yonder, for I would not be seen here by any one, if I can avoid it."

So saying the man retraced his way around the piazza, and descending the steps went agrees the grounds in the directive of a directive of the control of the contro across the grounds in the direction of a distant

across the grounds in the direction of a distant grove of trees.

Crossing an open lawn or field he skulked rapidly along as the moonlight fell full upon him, and hastily darted into the shadow of the trees. It was the same grove that had been the fatal trysting-place of Launcelot Grenville and Lucille Darrington years before; but here, as upon the mansion, rested an air of neglect and decay, for the little fence that inclosed the burying-ground was half-broken down, and rank weeds had hidden the graves from right—not all the mounds that marked the resting-places of the dead, for one was free from rude growth upon it, and the marble at its head shone pure and white in the moonlight.

Quickly the man bent over and read the in-

"ERECTED TO THE MEMORY MY FATHER,

FERDINAND DARRINGTON, WHO FELL BY THE HAND OF LAUNCELOT VERTNER GRENVILLE, Who, by his act, buried in this grave my every hope

in life." With a groan of unspeakable anguish the man staggered back, while from his white lips broke the cry:
"Oh Heaven have mercy! I needed but this

overflowing. Lucille, oh, Lucille! how you have misjudged me, and how your love has turned to hate, to cause you to place there on enduring marble the story of the fatal act of mine against your father.

The proud head was lowered, and the gauntlet-gloved hands crept up and hid the face, as though to shut out the scene from

For some moments he stood thus, his strong frame quivering, like a leaf shaken by the wind, and then he started, for a clear, ringing voice uddenly spoke his name: "Launcelot Grenville!"

Instantly the eyes of the man fell upon the form of a woman standing not ten feet from him, and where the light of the moon, penetrating the foliage, fell full upon her.

As motionless as though carved in stone, dressed in pure white, and with her wealth of hair hanging losse over her shoulders and

dressed in pure white, and with her wealth of hair hanging loose over her shoulders and adown her back, she looked like some ghostly inhabitant risen from the grave at her feet.

Though her face was youthful, it was livid, and each feature was imprinted with the mark of sorrow and suffering, while her hair was as white as snow, and shone like silver threads in the light of the moon.

of him.

"Here am I again upon the scene that has proven so fatal to my name," he muttered, in a low, deep voice.

"A spot where I buried every hope for the future, and a low that elevery dependent of the moon. One arm was outstretched, and the index finger pointed straight at the man before her, while upon it sparkled, like molten fire, a ruby of immense size and wondrous beauty.

The man essayed to speak, to move, but neighbor the mother of the moon.

equal footing," and Ferd Darrington was white with rage, and seeing that he was determined, Paul Van Loo had no alternative but to take from their velvet case the long dueling pistols his principal had insisted upon bringing along. With a bow, Lance Grenville signified his acceptance of the weapons and a second meeting, and soon the two splendid-looking men again faced each other at ten paces apart.

"Here, Lance, and for God's sake, do not let that man kill you," and Arthur Grenville placed the loaded pistol in his brother's hand.

Lance Grenville made no reply, but a grim

To ver no fatal to my name," he muttered, in a low, deep voice.

"A spot where I buried every hope for the future, and a love that almost drives me to madness when I recall what I lost; but, God knows I was driven to it, and that a bitter curse has dogged my footsteps."

For a moment he remained, in a low, deep voice.

"A spot where I buried every hope for the future, and a love that almost drives me to make the two, with the was driven to it, and that a bitter curse has dogged my footsteps."

For a moment he remained, in a love, deep voice.

"A spot where I buried every hope for the future, and a love that almost drives me to make of immense size and wondrous beauty.

The man essayed to speak, to move, but neither tongue nor feet would obey his will, and there tongue nor feet would obey his will, and extent they stood motionless, the two, with the word will almost drives me to make of immense size and wondrous beauty.

The man essayed to speak, to move, but neither tongue nor feet would obey his will, and the two, strange scene around them, making a startling, fearful tableau, one which few people will almost drives me to make of the man essayed to speak, to move, but neither tongue nor feet would obey his will, and the two speak of immense size and wondrous beauty.

The man essayed to speak, to move, but neither tongue nor feet would obey his will, and the two, with the woon, winch few people will, and the two, with the woon the propositi

were heard.
"Launcelot Grenville, how dare you stand there by the grave of the man whom you de-'Lucille! Lucille!"

"Lucille! Lucille!"
The cry was like that of a lost soul imploring mercy, and the gold-braided arms were stretched forth in earnest supplication; but he made no step toward the woman, from whom now came in the hoarse tones of intensified passion: "Launcelot Grenville, I curse you!

(To be continued.)

## NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON. Girt with misty memories sublime,
Look on her crowned with stars!
She was a princess in her time,
And sat by Nilus' bars.
Of all the kings and queens of earth,
She trails her glory yet;
She giveth to the planets birth,
And has nothing to regret.

# Lucille.

BY LAIL GAY.

A PHAETON, velvet-lined, drawn by cream colored ponies, rolled along the beach. In it sat Mrs. Ralph Strathmore, a young, graceful wo-man, with inscrutable brown eyes, that looked as if they held some secret that hung like the

as if they held some secret that hung like the sword of Damocles over her.
She had driven along carelessly as if indifferent where she went, and had taken a road little used, which the long roll of the ocean almost claimed in its briny clasp. Further on some fishermen, apparently, were busy with a boat, which she did not notice until the ponies shied at the strange obstruction.

which she did not notice until the ponies shied at the strange obstruction.

One of the men suddenly sprung at the bits and held them with a grasp of iron. He stared at Mrs. Strathmore, first with a curiosity that began in uncertainty, wavered in unbelief, and

began in uncertainty, wavered in unbelief, and settled into recognition.

As for her she seemed powerless to move, but gazed in dumb horror with dilated eyes at him. She gathered the reins at last and turned her ponies' heads homeward. She reached the hotel, gave the lines to her groom, and walked quickly to her room. Her husband rose smilingly to meet her.

"Ah, no, my fair friends, yonder craft does not float the skull and cross-bones at her peak, though Heaven knows I have had cause enough to make a very devil out of me; but I must not stand here," and he again pushed on, carefully, though fearlessly approaching the house.

Ascending the broad steps, which trembled beneath his feet, he walked noiselessly round the piazza to the rear of the mansion and there suddenly halted, as a dim light shone from the window.

With step as noiseless and stealthy as that of a panther he crept up and glanced in at the open window.

He beheld a room that had once beer handsomely furnished, but the furniture was now "Are you proud of me, Ralph, of your wife?"

"Ane you proud of me, Ralph, of your wife?"

"Are you proud of me, Ralph, of your wife?"

precious self in seclusion."

"Are you proud of me, Ralph, of your wife?
Do you never have a regret that you married
me, penniless and friendless?"

"Never a regret, never. But, Lucille, you
certainly must be ill. You have lost entirely

stifled moan. It had come at last! The haunting fear that had followed her for years was now confirmed. The ghostly doubt would not be buried. She had piled miles of distance and years of absence upon its grave; and here it was in the face of her joys.

She thought of her childhood. Her life seemed mapped out before her. And, try as she would to forget to-night, a drawing fascination kept the one idea constantly before her. In a rude miner's hut she was born. Father and mother she remembered but dimly; they had died when she was a tender child. She would have been homeless had not Daniel Simpson and his wife, kindly neighbors, given her a home and place in their hearts. They were rough, but friendly people, and she remembered, with a little pang of abasement, had made her their idol. The best their cabin afforded, or any small luxury they could possess, was given to pretty Lizzie, as they called her. Daniel had one son, John, who was always her slave. He would do anything to win a smile from her, and thought no task too difficult to please her. What then more natural when they grew older than that they should be married? Daniel and his wife advised it. John loved her—she could remember that now, and she was but sixteen.

She wondered, vaguely, if she could have ever been that little Lizzie, who watched for the coming of John from his labors—rough, unpolished John.

And yet she had longings even then of a high-

And yet she had longings even then of a higher life. The common surroundings annoyed her, and their uncouth actions and coarser language rasped her own ideas of the fitness of things. John, poor John, was always kind—wearisomely so, but tender of his wife, his Lizzie.

One day in winter he had bade her good-by for a few days, he said. He must go fifty miles to attend to some business, but father and mother would care for her while he was gone. Day followed day, and snows piled their flakey whiteness high over all. John's father watched anxiously for his boy who came not at the time appointed. Two weeks passed, and they were

whiteness high over all. John's father watched anxiously for his boy who came not at the time appointed. Two weeks passed, and they were told that John was missing. He could not be found; he had never reached the end of his journey, and he was dead. How he died they knew not, but search proved unavailing.

They pitied the poor young wife; so sudden! they said. As for her, she felt an irresistible longing to get away. Now that John was dead she felt that she could never live there always, with the toil and hardships of her life. She wanted to come East, of which she had heard rumors as from a fairy tale. Unknown to Daniel and his wife she made arrangements to leave.

When she reached St. Louis, she wondered, suddenly, how she was to live. But, she would find work; some one, surely, would employ her. While waiting in the depot she espied a man who looked kind, she thought. She asked him if he knew where she "could get work." Mr. Strathmore's patrician face took on an amused expression; as if he was an Intelligence Office! he told her afterward.

But on looking more attentively, he stared with undisonised surprise. Here was a type of

But on looking more attentively, he stared with undisguised surprise. Here was a type of beauty in this wildwood flower he had searched for vainly. She told him not her real story, but said she had come a long distance—that the past held no pleasant memories, and she wanted to forget it.

She married Ralph Strathworg where held here

she married Raiph Strathmore, who took her abroad where teachers and travel added polish and elegance to her uncultivated mind.

and elegance to her uncultivated mind.

Her gratitude to him grew to love of the deepest intensity. And the thought suddenly came to her—what if John had not died after all! No one saw his death; might it not be possible—but no! she put the idea away, shudderingly. She was happy in Ralph's love; the past had been so dreary, it must not be raised again. That she had done wrong she knew. She never told her husband, who kindly said, if there was anything unpleasant in her history not to relate it; he loved her and believed her perfect and good.

afternoon was John Simpson, her husband! No, she would not call him that. He was here. What is to prevent him from searching for her

"It must not be, it shall not be!" moaned the wretched woman, walking excitedly up and down. "I can not bear to see Ralph's face grow stern and white with the knowledge that I have deceived him."

The next day she did not drive out: she scarce ly looked from the window for fear his face would meet her. But still she thought it might be barely possible he did not know her. That he would pursue his humble occupation without daring to thrust himself into the presence of

She walked to the mirror and surveyed her-Would he know her? Would he know her?
She saw there a tail figure, graceful and undulating. A glory of golden hair, straight eybrows above brown, glowing eyes—eyes that tonight held a startled look in their somber depths and a pathos in their brown shadows. A dress of satin, rose-tinted, with delicate lace draped eyen it and poling it with films whiteness.

over it and paling it with filmy whiteness.
"You look like Venus emerging from the ocean," said her husband admiringly. "Your dress has the rosy hue of the sea shell, the lace drifts over it like the foam of the waters. And your pearls are from the empire of Neptune himself. How peerlessly beautiful you are!" "I am glad I am lovely in your eyes." Would she be if he knew all? she thought!

"Have I improved since you knew me? Do I appear the same person?" she inquired anxiously.

"No," he responded, smiling a little at the contrast; then you were but the ghost of your now magnificent self. I can scarcely realize

Ralph Strathmore was wealthy, refined and proud. His marrying Lucille was done in a freak of the moment, but one act which he never regretted. As she had no friends, so he solilo-quized, she had no poor, common relations, who, claiming his wife as kin, might have subjected him to unpleasant associations. He had given her the name of Lucille—Lizzie not being suit-

able for her, he said. He had no curiosity to able for her, he said. He had no curiosity to inquire into her past life, thinking it would be only a record of poverty and hardship which would jar upon his finer sensibilities. Now, as his wife, she was beautiful, accomplished and refined. What more could he ask?

That wight after a well-a Mar Starth.

That night, after a waltz, Mrs. Strathmore and her partner stepped to one of the long windows opening on the porch. Looking in outside was the face of all faces she dreaded to see. Gazing in fixedly, with an expression of joy shining over his rough features, and staring in a quiet, dazed way, as if undecided whether to come nearer or not.

In face he was not homely, with his great flowing beard and beaming black eyes.

One night some one started the evening's entertainment with a ghost-story, and its narration seemed to visibly affect Old Hilarity, for he knocked the ashes out of his pipe rather emphatically as he opened fire:

"Talkin' about ghosts, an' sech like." he said

It was no wonder she sunk weakly into a chair, saying the waltz had made her dizzy. She saw one of the waiters in the hotel order him away rudely, adding, with a supercilious glance at his patched garments, "this is no place for you."

place for you."

This man, rude, poor and ragged, had been her husband!

As days passed on, she grew more miserable. Even her husband!

As days passed on, she grew more miserable. Even her husband noticed it—said she looked haggard and ill. She must ride out, or resume her bathing in the ocean—perhaps that would brighten her a little. She dreaded the hours, fearing lest Ralph would receive a strange message, or she some summons from John.

One day, the quietness and solitude of her room grew intolerable. Possibly under the blue sky, with nature cheerful and restful, she might forget for a while.

She wandered along the beach until she gained a place away from the crowds of promenaders.

certainly must be ill. You have lost entirely that elegant repose of manner I so admire in you. You tremble and are pallid."

"It is nothing—a slight indisposition, that is all," and she passed her hand wearily across her eyes as if to shut out the face of the man by the shore.

"No, I will not go down this evening but remain in my room," she said, in answer to her husband's inquiry whether she was ready for supper.

when he left she sunk down in a chair with a stifled moan. It had come at last! The haunting fear that had followed her for years was "I have found you at last, Lizzie. How I "I have found you at last, Lizzie. How I have looked for you!"
She turned and saw John Simpson, who had

"Know you, my little Lizzie? Of course I know you! But, how you are fixed up! Found any rich relations, hey? I fixed the cabin all up for you. I told father I knew I could find you, and now we will go back to our own home

and now we will go back to our own home and—

"Stop!" she cried, in sudden anguish. "I can not—you do not know—" she faltered, and ceased speaking.

"Not go back with me, Lizzie! I know I ain't grand, like them folks yonder, like I seen you with that night. But, I've got a good job, fishing, and I saved a little money, and you can have it all. My home wouldn't seem like home to me, now, without you. I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, and won't you go back and we will begin life over again?" he continued, pleadingly.

"No, never! I will not go back with you. Only go away and leave me. Go back to your home and do not ever think or speak of me," she said, vehemently.

"Go back alone? And leave my job of fishing? I wouldn't get my money then for the work. You see," confidentially, "we get so work. You see," confidentially, "we get so much for the job, and we get paid in the fall "Do you wish to drive me distracted? What

do I care for your fishing? she exclaimed.
"Well, Lizzie, I dunno; I thought you would like to hear how your husband is getting—" "Hush! only promise to go away and leave me. I never wish to see you again. I hate you?"
"What, Lizzie! Do you hate me? And I've been lovin' you all the time, and a-thinking how happy we would be in our house. Say you don't hate me?" He drew nearer with a sadden-

ed face.
"I do hate you! I never wish to see you again. Don't tell that I ever spoke to you!" she said, hastily, with disgust written on every

John turned away, looked back once with a despairing look to see perchance if he might be recalled, then walked on slowly. Lucille felt stunned at this sudden meeting.

"Poor John! I might have given him one kind word," she thought, a little regretfully. "I need not have been so cruel. I know how I should feel if I were to lose Ralph. Will I ever have rest and peace and happiness again?" Returning she met her husband. "Come my dear" he said: "the day is glo."

Returning she met her husband.

"Come, my dear," he said; "the day is glorious. Do take a bath in the surf. I want your cheeks to lose a little of their pallor."

"Not to-day, please, Ralph. I do not feel equal to battling with the waves to-day. I would rather go back with you," she replied.

"I think you will feel invigorated after your battle, they you can stay with me." battle; then you can stay with me."
"As you wish it, I will go. Good-by, Ralph!"
giving him her hand.

'Saying good-by before bathing! What an a! Certainly you cannot be timid?" and he smiled reassuringly In the crowd of bathers there arose a shout,

A woman was floating out to sea. Was there none to save? It reached even the ears of John Simpson who threw himself overboard from the fisher man's vessel, and swimming out to the body, brought it to the boat. It was his Lizzie, dead "She cannot go back to the old cabin now!" moaned John.

When they rowed to the shore quickly, kindly hands lifted her and laid her tenderly on the

There comes her husband," said some one as Ralph Strathmore hurried to the spot and knelt distracted by the beautiful dead body of And the face of the fisherman she saw that tremoon was John Simpson, her husband! on the forever, her lips that would nevero, she would not call him that. He was here, more return his caresses. "And I urged her to go!" he said, despair-John looked on with dumb pain in his heart.

This was the reason she

This was her husband. This was the reason she could not go back with him. The only woman he ever loved, his wife, was dead. And he dared he ever loved, his wife, was dead. And he dared not as much as touch her hand or kiss her garments, and he bad brought her from the ocean and thought she was saved. But he would never tell that kneeling man yonder the story of her life, but keep it sacred as he would the memory of his Lizzie.

The last rays of the setting sun touched gently the tear-stained face of Ralph Strathmore, penciled kindly the plainer lineaments of John, lit up the wet gold of the woman's hair, and gleamed bright over the white est feee typed.

ed bright over the white set face turned She had found rest and peace.

# Haunted;

Old Hilarity's Last Trail. BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

YES, that was his name, Old Hilarity—or rather the handle we'd given him since his coming among us, because of his peculiarly mirthful and jolly disposition.

He had offered his services at Cheyenne to

guide our trains through into the Hills, and being favorably impressed with his appearance we had at once engaged his services.

The first few days out Old Hilarity was rath-

The first few days out Old Hilarity was rather grim and morose, as if laboring under trouble, but after that he brightened up, and joined us at the nightly camp-fire circle, where jokes were cracked and yarns were spun.

He used to put in some witty sayings, occasionally, but as a general thing contented himself with listening and laughing. That laugh of his—what volumes of solid enjoyment there was in the clear, mellow tones!

He was a powerful, stalwart man of five and

phatically as he opened fire:
"Talkin' about ghosts, an' sech like," he said,
with a nod, "talkin' about them ar', allows me

to remark thet I believe in them same articles,

pilgrims."
"What? Impossible! You believe in the supernatural, Hilarity!" exclaimed a half-dozen

of us in chorus.

"Yes, I'll allow I do," he replied; "least-ways, a feller orter believe suthin' o' the kind, when he's bin haunted at every turn fer five

"You don't mean to say that you believe yourself to be haunted?" Tom Daring interrogated.
"I do, as sure's I'm settin' here. More'n that, I'm doomed. Oh! ye kin smile, but 'tain't allus ther wisest thet may smile. Tell you about it, ef ye'll lend me yer ear.
"Some five year ago I war a pretty spruce sorter chap, and all allowed I war a regular dandy an' a Zip Coon on ther fight.
"I war down in the City of Mexico, then, and it ain't wi' much pride thet I own thet I war engaged in ther legitimate pursuit o' gambling. Few, indeed, were there in the Mexican metropolis, who were sharper at cards than metropolis, who were sharper at cards than

metropolis, who were sharper at cards than myself.

"Well, as a natural consequence, I made money, and I spent it. None knew how better than I. I dressed in the hight of fashion, drove nobby turnouts, and lived high. The hot-blooded Spanish-Mexican señoras and señoritas threw themselves before me, and worshiped me. But women warn't particularly in my line, and so I passed them by.

women warnt particularly in my line, and so I passed them by.

"During my experience as a gambler I met many of the titled Greasers, and where they were of money value, plucked them without mercy. Among them came a young, high-blooded cuss to me, of aristocratic family—a reg'lar nabob, he war, with more power with the city officials than I had supposed, at first. He brought with him his sister, a handsome brunette of most attractive form and face, and I'd seen none more charmin' o' address in the city.

"Well, the proposition of this chap was thet I must marry his sister, and support her, she in return aiding me to gamble, she being particu-

return aiding me to gamble, she being particularly lucky. You may be sure I refused, for I wasn't layin' in any Greaser, then, ef I knew myself. So I advised the Greaser to take his

inysen. So I advised the Greaser to take his sister whence she came, and offer her to some of her countrymen.

"This he indignantly refused to do, and consequently I was challenged to play for money, with the dark-skinned Mexican beauty. It was the intention between the intention of the intention between th the intention between us to play until one or the other was cleaned out, and as the Mexican nabob was possessed of cash to the amount of ten thousand dollars, the tournament promised to

be interesting.
"And it was, to some extent. We hired

"And it was, to some extent. We hired private apartments, and set to work. At the end of forty-eight hours I had won every peso that the Mexican had in the world. I was then commanded to marry Señorita Inezio, but firmly refused. And I only escaped from the room by running my saber through the Mexican nabob, and hurling the señorita to the floor. And as I made my escape she hurled at me a frightful curse—pronounced my doom!

"It was with difficulty I escaped from the city of Mexico, for she caused a score of Greaser hellions to pursue and attack me. But I succeeded in laying them all out, and took myself to Taos, supposing I had seen the last of my vengeful Mexican admirer. But I was mistaken. There, at Trinidad, and at Santa Fé, I received notes from her, all of the same import, pronouncing my doom upon the tenth of July, 187-, which is now close at hand. Tomorrow is the day of my doom."

"Pshaw! I see nothing supernatural," said

'Pshaw! I see nothing supernatural," said 'Judge" Hofle. "Ef you are going to submit o death at the hands of a live woman you're a

to death at the hands of a live woman you're a bigger fool 'n I took ye fer."

"Inez Marcia is not alive!" Old Hilarity said, solemnly. "It is her vengeful spirit that pursues me. No man can dissuade me from what is in my mind a firm conviction. Why, man, have I not had enough proof? After leaving Santa Fé I went far up into the Rocky Mountains, the San Juan mines. She followed me, and confronted me in a gambling-saloon. Maddened with desperation, I shot her dead in her tracks, and fied the town to escape the Vigilantes.

Next, one night, when I was at Del Norte. Next, one night, when I was at Del Norte, she appeared to me ag'in, an' ag'in I shot her. Nor did I leave the town until I see'd her six foot under ther sod. I had hopes, then, o' future rest, but I have never known it. At Cheyenne, while gambling, I received a stab in the back, and turned to see Inez Marcia flee from the room. And she has appeared to me, off and on, ever since. Thar's no use o' talkin'; no human flesh could survive so many deaths. off and on, ever since. Thar's no use o' talkin'; no human flesh could survive so many deaths, and it is her apparition that appears to me. I saw it last the night after this train left Cheyenne, and I've made up my mind thet I'm

Cheyenne, and I've made up my mind thet I'm upon my last trail."

And we found that the old guide was not to be dissuaded from this conviction. He had his mind resolutely set, and to all our endeavors at explanation, and to all our 'poohing," he would simply nod in his way, grimly.

"No use o' tryin' ter git me out o' ther notion, boys," he would say. "To-morrer will prove thet when a man's haunted and doomed thar's no earthly power to save him."

Some of the party were inclined to regard it as a hallucination on the part of the old man.

And when he had gone out on his scout about camp, previous to turning in, we put our heads

camp, previous to turning in, we put our heads together, and resolved to watch sharply against any harm coming to the guide on the following day, for, thought we, should that day pass without the fulfillment of Old Hilarity's conviction, he would lose belief in his case.

And so we did know a close watch of him the

And so we did keep a close watch of him the Jackson," said the old guide to me, about

sundown, 'do you think you shall ever go East, as far as New York State?" Upon answering him that such was my intention, he took his knife and severed a lock of hair

from his head.

"I've got a sister out thar," he said, naming the directions, "and I would ask ye, as a favor, ter give the gal thet lock as a dying gift from a prodigal brother."

The day passed without incident, and the wagons with their lazy bull-teams moved at a comparative snail's pace, on over the rolling prairie, in the broiling supphine, which was

prairie, in the broiling sunshine, which was somewhat alleviated in its heat by a cool, re-At night we pitched camp on the western

bank of Sage creek, where grazing and water

During the day Old Hilarity had been more buring the day old Hilarity had been more jolly than usual, but at the camp-fire circle, that night, he earned his sobriquet, for he was full of fun and uproarious in hilarity. He sung, he told stories, and smoked, and seemed quite to have forgotten that his day of doom had come and was gradually going.

At nine o'clock he rolled in his blanket, as did he west of descriptions.

At time o'clock he folied in his blanket, as did the rest of us, with the exception of Marintas and Keefe, who went on guard, the former be-ing specially detailed to keep watch of Hilarity during the night.

When we awoke in the morning, the guide

when we awoke in the morning, the guide still lay motionless in his blanket, and upon ex-amination we found that he was dead! We found no wounds or marks of violence, and nothing was left for us to decide than that, haunted by his strange hallucination, the old man had quietly died at the hour of his doom. The Mexican girl's oath must have worked upon him like a mania, that resulted in final sleep.

We buried him on the banks of Sage creek, and many travelers have noticed, and pondered over the green mound, at the head of which stands a pine board, marked:

"OLD HILARITY."

The Boston *Post* says that a man can get at Saratoga about two hundred different kinds of bad-tasting water, and this year's discoveries

A CITIZEN of Fleming, Ky., fired at a rat, struck a keg of powder, blew his house to pieces, and had to jump into the river to keep from burning up. The rat remains unhurt.

#### IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

BY JOSIE C. MALOTT.

If I should die to-night
Would all be well?
Would peace and rest be mine?
My heart, pray tell?

Would those I've loved so much Grieve soft and low, And kiss the still, cold face, Whiter than snow?

And in the coming years Not quite forget The once familiar face, Now calm and set?

And if I've grieved or wronged One faithful heart, Would not the silent lips Assuage the smart?

And would this heart of mine Forget its pain,
If daisies bloomed above me,
And fell the rain?

If I should die to-night, Oh, Savior mine! My heart assures me this, That I am Thine!

## The Pink of the Pacific;

The Adventures of a Stowaway.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XXV. THE HOME OF THE COMMANDER.

THE HOME OF THE COMMANDER.

THE captured proas and the prisoners were disposed of, and there was great rejoicing in Koti over the victory. Captain Fairfield was the most popular man in the town, and when he landed to report to the rajah, the people bowed down to him as though he had been a god. Pink remained in the cabin of the proa while he was absent. As the friend of the commander who had saved the dominion of the rajah, he was treated with great consideration by the Dyaks left on board. He could not speak a word to them or they to him; but they manifested their good will by signs and kindly deeds.

deeds.

The wind was so light, and so often contrary in the bends of the river, that the Belle of the Bay made a long passage of her trip up the river. Pink had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that her mission in this direction related to him. Her people had seen him on the platform of the commander's proa; and I believe that Captain Bodfield was unwilling to leave the coast of Borneo without him. But he was sorry to see the brig, for he had made up his mind that he could not return to her. He was not wanted, and it was too humiliating to

his mind that he could not return to her. He was not wanted, and it was too humiliating to remain on board under such circumstances. Captain Fairfield had spoken very kindly to him, and for some reason which Pink could not comprehend, he seemed to be deeply interested in him. He had charged him in the most explicit manner not to leave the proa in his absence; for he had a great deal to say to him as soon as they had time to talk. The waif thought it probable that the commander was lonely among so many strangers, and that he desired a companion who could speak his own language.

Pink allowed the cabin door to remain open. Once in a while he went to the bow of the proato look out for the Belle of the Bay, for he had lost sight of her long before the arrival of the fleet behind the bends of the river. She was now in sight; but the wind had nearly died out, and she only drifted with the tide, which was nearly at the flood. He watched her till the proabegan to swing around at the turn of the tide. The brig was over half a mile from the town, and Pink was sure she would not be able to come up that night. He hoped Captain Fairfield would return soon, and take him to some place where he need not be obliged to meet any of his late shipmates.

He really loved Captain Bodfield; but he felt that he was his only friend on board; and he could not endure the thought of having Tom Dunwood regard him with hatred, and his father look upon him as an intruder. He would Pink allowed the cabin door to remain open

Dunwood regard him with hatred, and his father look upon him as an intruder. He would rather live with the monkeys in the jungle than lead; such a life for a whole year; for this was the limit of the yacht's cruise. The commander of the forces and the Dyaks treated him very kindly; and this fact strengthened his determination to remain where he was besides termination to remain where he

determination to remain where he was; besides he wanted to know what Captain Fairfield was so anxious to say to him.

As he had anticipated, the brig soon came to anchor, and clewed up her top-sails, though they were not furled, indicating that she was not to remain long at her anchorage. Presently a boat put off from her, and pulled up the river. It was nearly sunset when it reached the town. Pink looked at it with interest; but he soon satisfied himself that Captain Bodfield was not in the stern-sheets. Mr. Sanders, the second mate, was in charge of the boat; and Pink felt that he could get along better with him than with he could get along better with him than with

There were ten proas made fast to the bank of the river, in front of the town, including those captured by the commander; and Sanders went from one to another in search of Pink. But at last he came to the right one.

The waif saw the worthy second mate making all sorts of signs to the Dyaks on board to dicate that he wanted to find some one. Pink was rather amused at the struggles of Sanders to make himself understood; and for this rea-son he allowed him to continue his efforts longer than he would otherwise have done; but at last put the second mate out of misery by show

Ah, Pink, my hearty, I am glad to see you again!" exclaimed Sanders, the moment he got his eye upon him. "I can't speak a mite of this pigeon talk, and I did not know as I should be able to find you. It's all right now; so tum-ble into the boat, and go back to the brig."
"What's all right, Mr. Sanders?" asked Pink,

placing himself on the gunwale of the proa.
"Mr. Dunwood is willing to have you come back on board," added Sanders.

"He was willing to let me stay before I left; but it was only because he couldn't spare Cap-tain Bodfield."

"No matter for that; it's all right now. The captain says he will not sail without you."
"How is it with Tom Dunwood? Is he willing I should remain on board?

"I don't know; and between you and me, Pink, nobody cares whether he is willing or not," said the second mate, in a low tone, for he

did not care to have even the crew hear him ut-ter so treasonable a statement.

"Tom is the biggest man on board of the brig; and whatever he says is law to his father. I did everything I could to please him and his father; and all I got for it were kicks and cuffs. would have thrown me overboard if he

"But they are all willing to have you come back now; at least, all but Tom, and I don't know but he is," pleaded Sanders.

"But I am not willing to go back," replied Pink with amplesis

"But I am not willing to go back," replied Pink, with emphasis.

"Why not?" asked the second mate, evidently astonished at this decision.

"I won't go where I'm not wanted."

"But you did go where you were not wanted when you went on board of the American Continent, and in the Belle of the Bay. Captain Fairfield listened to him with the deepest interest, and was so absorbed in the narrative, that he allowed his pipe to go out half a dozen times, and relighted it as often. He asked a great many questions, which Pink andown to hoard; and they all liked me. If they hadn't I would have left her as soon as I got a chance," replied Pink, smartly. "Tom Dunwood hates me; and his father takes his part against me. I would rather live in the wilds of Australia than be kicked by Tom Dunwood, as I must let him do if I stay on board of the best friend I ever had on earth. Tell him I

Sanders argued like a sea lawyer; but he could not say anything that would induce Pink to change his mind. He continued to reason with him till it was dark, and then reluctantly returned to the brig. He had not been gone ten minutes before Captain Fairfield came on board of the proa. Pink told him what had just occurred.

"I am glad you did not go, my lad; and if you had I should have chased the brig down the river in my swiftest proa," replied the commander.

"And you don't know how you happened to be in Australia?" asked Captain Fairfield, very anxiously.

mander.
"What for?" asked Pink, surprised at this an-

swer.
"I will tell you by-and-by. The moment 1 saw you I felt— But no matter about that now. We will talk about it another time. I now. We will talk about it another time. I had to dine with the rajah, and he kept me longer than I wanted to stay with him. To-day we have saved his dominion from invasion; for there was an army behind this fleet of proas we have captured and destroyed," said Captain Fairfield.

Fairfield.

The commander displayed some emotion which Pink could not understand; but he quickly recovered his self-possession, and turning from the waif, he spoke to the crew of the proa. Immediately one of them cast off the rope that bound the vessel to the shore and the rowers took their places at the oars. In a few moments the proa was moving up the river in the gloom of the evening.

"Unless some of the people of the brig can speak the Dyak language, they will not be likely

speak the Dyak language, they will not be likely to find you where we are going," said the com-mander, as he seated himself beside Pink on the

"I'am glad of that, for I don't want to go back to the Belle of the Bay. I have stood almost everything; but I will not go where I am not wanted, and be kicked by Tom Dunwood whenever he takes a notion to do so," replied

whenever he takes a notion to do so," replied Pink.

"I have been in this place for ten years; and I have seldom had an opportunity to speak a word of my own language to a human being. But I like these people; for they are not half so savage as they have appeared to you to be today. They have been fighting for their homes and country; and they have done bravely. When I first came here the Rajah of Koti was as anxious to conquer the territory of his neighbors as any of these petty rulers are; but I persuaded him to turn his attention in another direction.

suaded him to turn his attention in another direction.

He has been developing the resources of his country, and he has now a considerable trade with the English and the Dutch. In fact he has grown very rich, and his wealth has excited the cupidity of the Rajah of Djama.

This is the third time we have defeated him; and I think he will not attempt the conquest again. Our land forces defeated the enemy three days ago, about four miles from the town; but if they could have captured the batteries I have planted on the river, they might have succeeded better the next time. Now they have lost their last chance. I may leave this country now, for I desire to return to my native land before I die."

Pink listened with interest to the narrative of the commander; but he could not make out

the commander; but he could not make our why he was so interested in him if he intended to return to his native land. While they were to return to his native land. While they were talking, the proa turned into a branch of the river, and after going a short distance up this stream, it came up to the bank in front of a house, situated in the midst of a grove. Even in the night, Pink could see that it was a beautiful region. Just above the house the stream widened into a broad lake, one whose tranquil surface floated a large schooner yacht.

"This is my home," said the commander.

"But it is so dark that you can't see what sort of a place it is."

of a place it is."

"I can see that it is a very nice place," replied cink. "I suppose that vessel above belongs to

"That is a yacht in which I came from Balti-more. I seldom use it now, though it is in ex-rellent condition, and could be made ready for

a voyage in a few days.

"I should think you would like her better than one of these proas, when you go for pleasure, or when you fight the enemy," added Pink.

can only go in her when the wind blows but the proas can be rowed anywhere in the smooth waters of these rivers. But come with me, Pink, for I think you must want your din-

ner by this time."
"I think I could eat something if I had it," answered the hungry boy, as he followed Fair-field on shore.

#### CHAPTER XXVI. THE COMMANDER'S ONLY SON.

THE home of the commander was a sort of Cottage, not unlike many Pink had seen in Australia, in the vicinity of the cities and large towns. It was built of bamboo; but it was lined with a substance which effectually kept out the moisture of that humid climate. In front of the house were broad verandas, where the occupant could enjoy the cool air in the shade

company count enjoy the cool ar in the shade, pink followed the commander into a broad hall, where he was welcomed by a small army of Dyak servants, who seemed to be as glad to see iim, as the people of Koti had been.

They entered a large apartment, partly furnished in European style, where Pink was invited to make himself entirely at home. In a hourt time his survey was needed, as a survey was needed. short time his supper was ready, consisting mostly of fowls and fruits, of which he partook heartily, for Pink was one of that sort of boys who are always hungry. When the meal was finished, the commander conducted him to the apartment they had first entered.

"I dare say you are very tired, Pink," said Captain Fairfield, as he lighted his pipe, and seated himself at one of the latticed windows. "Not very tired, sir; I haven't worked very hard to-day," replied Pink, laughing at the idea that any one could think he should be tired, for

e was not accustomed to this degree of con "You shall have a bath and a good bed to-night; and if you prefer not to have any talk before morning, you may go to your room at once," added the commander. "I am not afraid the people of the brig will find you here

at present."
"I am not very tired; and I shall get rested while we are talking," answered Pink, who was very anxious to know why the commander was interested in him. "I have been wanting to ask you why you said 'Merciful Heaven,' the moment you first saw me."
"You look just like some one I know and

You look just like some one I knew and ed," replied the captain. "Who was that?"

"Who was that?"
"I will tell you in due time."
"When you called Mr. Dunwood a villain, it seemed to me just as though you had known him before," added Pink, with a degree of simplicity that amused his new friend.
"I could not very well have believed he was a villain without knowing him before. You told me something about your history; and now I want you to go over it all again and tell me

want you to go over it all again, and tell me

"I can't remember anything that happene before I was hurt," and the waif proceeded tell the commander about the fall in the circu

like him first rate, but I can't go back to the brig."

Sanders argued like a sea lawyer; but he Sanders argued like a sea lawyer; but he But they used to whip, and kick and cuff

be in Australia?" asked Captain Fairfield, very anxiously.

"Not a thing, sir. I had almost forgot how to talk, but Captain Bodfield taught me a great deal while we were together in the whale-ship," replied Pink. "But I am doing all the talking,

sir; and you haven't told me anything about yourself."

Pink chuckled as he spoke, and rising from

Pink chuckled as he spoke, and rising from the divan on which he was reclining, he went to the captain, and seated himself on a stool at his feet. The magnetism of the commander was having its full effect upon the boy.

"I will not keep anything back from you, my lad. But if you are tired, you may go to bed now, and we will talk some more in the morning," replied Captain Fairfield, placing his hand upon the head of the waif.

"I am not tired, sir: I could sit up all night."

"I am not tired, sir; I could sit up all night to hear you tell what you have to say," protested Pink. "I don't see why you should care anything at all about me."

"Every look you give me, and every word you utter reminds me of another who is no longer of this world. You are the very image of ger of this world. You are the very image of that person," answered the commander; and Pink could feel the tremor of his frame, as he leaned upon his knee, and as the hand of his new friend pressed his forehead.
"Who was it, sir?"
"I can soon satisfy myself that you are or are not the boy I take you to be," added the captain, as he snapped a bell upon a table within his reach.
The summons was answered by a Dyak boy.

The summons was answered by a Dyak boy, to whom the commander gave his commands. Presently the servant returned with two candles which he set on the table, for the room was only dimly lighted by a hanging lamp.

"Now, my lad, will you take off your coat?" continued the captain.

"Take off my coat."

continued the captain.

"Take off my coat!" exclaimed Pink. "To be sure I will, if you say so. I will take my skin off if you like."

"Only your coat if you please," replied the man in white.

"You have been good to me; and I will do anything you say," added Pink, throwing off his jacket.

The commander covered his face with his hands and seemed to be location than the say.

The commander covered his face with his hands, and seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. He was more agitated than Pink could see any reason for; though the waif could not help making up his mind that something very strange was about to hoppen.
"If you are chilly, put it on for a moment," continued the captain, uncovering his face, and looking very earnestly at his guest.
"Chilly? I am almost roasted,"laughed Pink.
"Then hear me for a moment before I go

"Then hear me for a moment before I go any further. I take you to be a certain per-

"And so I am."
"Doubtless you are; but whether you are the one I mean is the question. If you are that person, I shall find upon your right shoulder a birth-mark something in the shape of a star."
As he spoke the commander took a pencil from his pocket, and marked upon the corner of a newspaper that lay on the table the shape of the character he described. It required a little stretch of the imagination to call it a star; but it had five points, though all but one of them And so I am." t had five points, though all but one of them

'I shall find that upon your right shoulder," continued the commander. "On the left I shall find the letter F, the foot of the letter pointing down at an angle of forty-five degrees oward the spine. If I do not find these marks apon you then you are not the person I take to to be."

you to be."

"That's all plain enough, except the angle; and I don't understand that," replied Pink. 'I never saw any such marks upon myself; and think you will have to look somewhere else for the fellow you want."

"Perhaps I shall; but I shall be very much surprised if I don't find those marks as I say they are."

hey are."
The commander rose from the chair, and vith trembling hands unbuttoned the shirt-colar of the waif. Fulling the shirt down with me hand he held the candle with the other.
"There is the star on the right shoulder!" he xclaimed, when he found the mark for which he was looking. he was looking.

was looking.
"I never saw any such thing on my shoulr," added Pink. "But I suppose I am the ellow."
"I have had hardly a doubt of it since I first aw you," replied the commander.
"If I am the fellow you thought I was, who

"Don't be impatient, my boy; you shall know all in good time Let me look at the other shoulder."

know all in good time Let me look at the other shoulder."

He pulled the shirt down on the other side; but the case seemed to be already made out, and his hand was steadier.

"Here is the other mark!" exclaimed the captain. "I was sure I should find it!"

"I never saw that mark either," added Pink.

"You could not have seen either of them without looking in a mirror," replied Captain Fairfield, taking a small hand-glass from the drawer of the table. "I will show you both of them, for it is as necessary that you should be satisfied in this matter as that I should be."

Conducting the waif to a large mirror at the end of the room he placed him back to it. Turning down the garment again, he held the hand-glass before the boy in such a position that it reflected the image on the large mirror.

that it reflected the image on the large mirror.
"I see the star plain enough," said Pink. The commander turned down the shirt from the other shoulder, and Pink saw the F, though it appeared to be nearly upside down to

"I am satisfied, now, my lad," continued Captain Fairfield, leading his charge back to the seats by the table.

"So am I; you found what you said you should," added Pink, wondering what all this meant.

"The shape and position of those marks are on record in America, where I can certainly find them when it becomes necessary for me to

"I suppose you intend to make it out that I am not Pinkerton Dykes," laughed Pink. "Captain Bodfield says I am The Pink of the Pacific, for that is what he always called me when we were in the whale-ship, cruising in the Pacific."

"I shall surely prove in the end that you are not Pinkerton Dykes; but you may still be The Pink of the Pacific, for aught I care."

"It is hardly fair to take away my old name without giving me a new one," said Pink.

"You shall have the name you had years before you were The Pink of the Pacific in season

prove that you are the person I have found you

fore you were The Pink of the Pacific in season to think of it when you go to bed."

"I don't believe I shall know myself with a new name," laughed Pink. "What shall it be?"

Eliot Fairfield," replied the commander. That's your name "It is my name; and you are my only son!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 481.)

It was a Dedham woman who threatened an fending representative of the male sex that he "would make his head so big that he could-

St. Louis comes to the front with a female native who sleeps on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and cannot get along with less. Her motto, says the Albany Journal, ought to be handsome is what handsome

## A New Colorado Wonder.

A MEMBER of a party of miners, named Green, disgusted with prospects at Pike's Peak, took, as his share of the camp outfit, an ox and the fore part of a cart, and out of the latter he made a sulky. With this he drove eastward and squatted on some land near Denver, which he cultivated. One day, as Green was driving his ox into Denver, some fellows on horseback attempted to pass him. The ox, moved by some apparent freak, quickened its steps until it went off in a swinging trot, leaving the horse behind. This was the first intimation Green had that his bob-tailed ox (it was bob-tailed) could trot. The idea then presented itself to him that if he could only accustom it to trotting a short distance on a certain piece of ground it could out-trot any horse in the neighborhood. There was a gambler named Randale in Denver at this time who owned a horse that could on his at this time who owned a horse that could do his mile in 2:40. Randale was acquainted with Green, and weuld occasionally drop into his

Green, and weuld occasionally drop into his quarters and praise his horse.

A day or two after Green's discovery of his ox's powers Randale dropped in, and, as usual, began "talking horse." Green remarked that he had an ox that could beat Ranoffic's horse for three hundred yards. Randale laughed at first, then got mad, and at last offered to bet ten to one that it could not be done. The bet was promptly taken, and they adjourned to the prepared place. The ox was backed up to a little hand-cart. When everything was ready, away they went. Sure enough, at the end of four hundred yards the ox came in ahead. On the spot Randale bought half the ox for five hundred dollars. The next day it was pittled against two horses, and the whole city turned out to see the remarkable phenomenon, a trotting ox. Again was it victorious, and amid the wildest excitement passed the line six lengths ahead.

Every day thereafter the ox defeated a horse

ahead.

Every day thereafter the ox defeated a horse or two, and there soon became a popular demand for a share in the animal. Accordingly a or two, and there soon became a popular demand for a share in the animal. Accordingly a company was formed with a joint stock of \$6,400, being sixty-four shares of \$100 each. The stock went like hot-cakes, and soon sold above par. In a week, during which the ox had won several more races, the stock was quoted on the gambling tables, and passed for \$1,000 a share. At last a horse sired in San Francisco came along, and a trial of speed was made up between him and the ox. On the appointed day it was estimated that there were ten thousand people present. The ox took the lead from the start; at the one hundred-yard pole he was a length and a half ahead; at the one hundred and fifty it had become three lengths; at the two hundred and fifty the distance had widened into five lengths and the ox still gaining. But when within a dozen yards of the winning post, the ox became tired and made up his mind to stop. Accordingly he planted his front feet and refused to budge. Moral suasion, profane abuse, physical ill-treatment, all failed to move him, and the horse quietly trotted past and took the race. From that minute the stock sunk from \$1,000 a share down to one sixty-fourth of the value of the ox as meat. Many efforts were afterward made to coerce the animal into a trot, but all enticement and persuasion, gentle or otherwise, failed, and he never trotted again.

## Beat Time's Notes.

THE tribe of Hittites increases with the Git-

I AM not out of work so much as I am out Past labors are pleasant, but work to come-where's our coat?

A COMMON-LOOKING woman should always ravel by rail at half fair. When your little boy persists in climbing up n your lap, he is a little Pawnee.

Some scholars always go by a rule—a two-poot rule in the hands of a teacher. A word to the wise is sufficient to let them now that you don't know anything. Why is it that the antiquity of man is easier to find out than the antiquity of woman?

ONE editor alludes to another as his con-emptorary. He should sue for damages. When the fisheries award was paid it was not by the will of the people, but by the cod-icil. Many men who go to Washington for an apntment, come back with one with a dis to it.

If a man has the intermit-tent fever these ays he had better be looking out to avoid an THERE is a dim tradition in Boston that even Noah came over and landed on Plymouth Rock

with the ark. THE older the painting the more valuable it s, but if a woman uses her cheek for a background it alters the case.

THERE is one thing I can say for my wife—she never gets out of temper; the stock she has on hand will last for a long time. THE person who dispenses with Providence and goes on his own hook had better look out

lest he receives a dispensation of Providence

My father was a regular Isaac Walton in andling the rod: he used to fish me out of dif-culty with it, especially when I would play My old aunt writes that she has just recovered. from a severe attack of ammonia, during which she laid in a torpedo state two days. She con-tracted for a cold, and that was the cause of it.

I HAVE a nephew who wrote that he was conductor on the railroad, but after I sent the little amount which he "wanted for a few days" I found out that he had charge of a "Landlord, what became of all the heat of that stove?" "Oh," said he, "there was a freez-ng tramp came in a little bit ago, and sat by it. ess he absorbed all of it and took it out

I ASKED a tramp to-day what he lived on? He said he lived on no money and nothing to eat. Another asked me for something to eat, and I told him we hadn't anything. "Well," said he, "where did you get it?" And another this morning with the same question, and getting the same answer, said, "Hum, what do you not it in?"

put it in?"

In my lonely moments I have invented a hand-organ that will play all the popular tunes, one after another, or all at once, as you prefer. You of course have neighbors on each side of you who have pianos, and you need not go through the preliminary practice as they do to play tunes. It is very loud, and your neighbor's music will be laid low in the shade. You can play it at all hours of the pensive night. You can play tunes either backward or forward. All you have to do is to fill the barrel of it with cream and it will churn your butter either to fast or slow music. Pour water into it and throw your dirty clothes in, and you have of it with cream and it will entire your blacer either to fast or slow music. Pour water into it and throw your dirty clothes in, and you have an automatic musical washing-machine. There is no monkey attachment, only at the handle.

I CONSIDER Old Probs the most weather-wise or otherwise man in this country. In an interview the other day, I asked him how he divined the weather so well. He drew me into his private room, and told me that he had a barometrical corn on his little toe which always foretold rical corn on his little toe which always foretold rain for the succeeding two days. The mercury in it was perfect, and whenever it called for easy slippers all he had to do was to telegraph to the stations to look to their umbrellas. Cold coming weather was gauged by the rheumatism in his left shoulder, which answered better than forty telegraph stations. The direction of the wind he always told by the peculiar location of the stitch in his side. He paid but little attention to reports from signal stations, and told me to say nothing about it, which I promised not to do.

BEAT TIME.



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## Sunshine Papers.

#### Apologies.

DID it ever occur to you that there is a great waste of breath spent in apologies? An apology is, certainly, a form of words quite necessar in many cases, a politeness that may not be entirely banished from use in good society yet there are numberless times when apologies are not only useless but positively become impoliteness and annoyance rather than courtesie

due one person from another.

An "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon, is never out of place when an accident or care-lessness of one person equally affects another. There is never an occasion when you inconvenience or startle a friend or stranger when yo should not offer them the recompense of an apology, no matter how trifling the act. Neither should a person neglect to apologize for any speech or deed that gives pain to others; nor for any incivility unwittingly offer ed them. But when you, my dear woman meet Mrs. A. and kiss her, and are so glad to see her, and she asks why you have not called upon her in so long, you had better omit all his dignity to be the carrier of a store-key, the apologies you shower upon her in the form of polite lies—telling her you have "thought of her so often," and "started several times to make that call," and "something of importance has always detained you," but that you "have been longing to see her," and "shall, really, come very soon;" and keep discreet silence, or else tell the truth-that you do not care enough about seeing her to take the trouble to call on her; that you have had plentiful opportunities of visiting her, but have not wanted to use

And when you, dear sir, call on the friend for whom you have professed such extravagant fondness, but whom you have utterly neglected for months, it would be quite as well for you to omit any apologies, since you cannot oblite rate the self-evident fact that you have been forgetful of his unchangeable attachment to you, and have made no effort to see one whos friendship is so much truer than your own that he has felt the sting of your indifference.

When a gentleman meets an acquaintance to whom he has pledged himself to do some favor, which favor has never entered his mind since he promised it until he again meets the perso to whom it was promised, why, that person of short memory had better not let apologies the first sentences that fall from his lips at this meeting, since uttering any excuse but the truth would be a bad use to make of breath that had better be reserved for less false andsince a falsehood is pre-eminently a rudenessimpolite purposes. In fact, when apologies are merely attempts at representing one's conduct in a light that the individual, in his own heart, knows to be false, they had better remain unspoken. An apology that is in spirit, if not in actual wording, an untruth, ceases to be a po liteness, but becomes, rather, a committed sin on the part of the person that offers it, and an insult to the person to whom it is offered.

Then there is a form of apology, often kindmeant, that is really an impertinence to individuals and a confessed lowering of one's How frequently do we hear persons apologize for the appearance of their homes for the costume in which they make a visit or receive one, and for the accommodations with which they provide their guests: "You must excuse the looks of my house, but we are house-cleaning;" or, "The children have been playing and creating so much disorder;" or, "There is no fire in the parlor and I have to bring you in where I have made such a muss If you invite a person to visit you. or to call upon you, it is presumable that you ask them from a desire for their further ac quaintance and companionship; at least from ne motive less degrading than a mere desire to have them admire your house, or the neat-ness always reigning there. Then why immediately lower your visitor and yourself by presupposing them to have come for any such purpose and that you asked them for such puras your apologies cannot fail to intimate?

Always treat your visitors as if glad to see them, instead of initiating their visit with remarks that show you either ought to be ashamed of yourself for not having things in better order, or that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for coming at a wrong time.

When you give a guest the best convenience you have, omit apologies for what you have not. If for good reasons you are obliged to the garden," said his early father, bumping wear a certain costume, never apologize for it. him down-stairs. The fact that you are obliged to wear it is suf-

for it to be of no consequence what others think of it. If you have a caller, and your dress is not all that you desire, do not excuse or even mention the fact. If you are always neat you will always be ready for visitors; if not, you quite deserve to be found out occasionally, and apologies would be merely untruths.

Now a word to housekeepers; and let me beg of them never to utter an apology for what is put upon their tables. What is enough in the way of food for one's own famiy is good enough for guests, who come unexpectedly or by invitation. A housekeeper who always has a neat, clean table, and some wellooked plain food, need not be ashamed to invite a prince of blood royal to take a meal with her-without an extra arrangement, save his plate, etc. Of all detestable things-nothing is so offensive to well-bred people as "You must excuse me for not having something nicer; if I had only known you were coming, My bread is not as good as usual this patting. I am afraid my cake is dry. I am so usual sorry the meat is not better done.'

Remember, you to whom apologizing has become a habit, that only strict necessity and strict truth can make an apology a politeness. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### THE GOOD WE HAVE WITH US.

WE are rarely contented with our lot in life. and think that the present age is the hardest, and our tasks the most severe; yet, were we to consider how much easier labor is performed, how much better paid, than in times past, maybe we would be inclined to feel glad to know that we didn't live in a bygone age.

No better exemplification of this fact can be given than by relating some incidents that

came under my special notice.

A young lad, who was away on a vacation during the summer, was complaining over the amount of labor required of him at the store; and yet his attendance was only required there from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. A gentleman, aged about fifty years, told the lad of some of his experiences when he was a lad. Every morning he had to go to his employer's house for the key of the store, open the latter, build fires, sweep out and make himself generally useful through the lay and in the evening until nine o'clock, close the store and carry the key to his employer's house again. One morning in winter in taking down the shutters he knocked out two of his front teeth by a severe fall on the ice. His lot was somewhat hard and he felt it to be so, and he poured his grievances into his employer's ear.

And his employer told him of the hard life he had led when he was a boy. That employer was what one might call "one of the old school "—a school happily dismissed some years ago-and was a great stickler for etiquette and felt his position. Every night, summer and winter-through storm and sunshine-the following was the programme: As soon as the store was safely locked, the lad placed the key in his pocket, and then he had to follow his master a distance of about a mile to his residence; he must never keep by his master's side, but follow him as though he were no more than a dog. Arrived at the master's house the lad took off his hat, handed the key to the master, remained uncovered until the gentleman entered his domicile, and then retraced his steps to his own home.

You may think the gentleman might just as well have carried the key home in his own pocket. Yes, he might have done so, but he didn't; he would have thought it beneath even though the store belonged to him. "It would have saved the boy some steps"? What is the saving of the steps of a poor, tired, wornut, sleepy boy, compared with keeping up one's dignity? I blush for you that you should make such a remark.

elevators, and the thousand and one contrivances for comfort, convenience and laborsaving of which our ancestors were profoundly gnorant, I do not think they should murmun at what they have, but rather be thankful that they have so many conveniences, and that the inconveniences of a past age are not theirs to

Maybe all kinds of work will be done by electricity, and then people will complain be-cause that is "so slow," and wish for something faster, because humanity is never content but ever unsatisfied.

How messages fly over the electric wires, how quickly the mails are forwarded and distribued, how rapidly we are whirled along on our travels until it seems as though there could not, possibly, be any improvement made; still you will hear carping critics exclaimlow! so awful slow!

Do they mend matters by their complaints?

or are their complaints manly or just?
Changes are brought about gradually. They nust be thought over and experimented upon, trials made, and people must be prepared for these changes. I know this is a fast age—too fast, in my opinion, yet if it were not so fast maybe there would not be so many steamers ost, so many cars wrecked, so many factories and public buildings so imperfectly built, and we shouldn't be held accountable for so many

Stop and think! Pause and reflect! In striving to put on "too much steam" and speed, haven't we gone too far, and had we been surer, though we were slower, might it not have been better for us and for others?

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## The Lessons of Youth.

THE TRUE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S

NAME IN CABBAGES. "GEORGE WASHINGTON, George Washing on!" came from the foot of the stairs that norning at seven o'clock, as if it had been shot out of a shot-gun.

"Yes!" feebly came from the second story by the same route. In fifteen minutes-"George Washington,

ain't you up?" 'Y-a-a-s; I'm up-stairs," the last word not

In ten minutes a couple of footfalls on the stairs too numerously to mention and meaning business, and the sound of somebody being ierked out of bed in haste for the mail, and G W. went to putting on his clothes fast enough to get his pants on for a jacket and his jacket

on for his pants. "I want to show you something down in

George thought it was something with a long literature."

ficient in itself for you to wear it proudly, and handle, and called a hoe for short—and also for it to be of no consequence what others for aggravation; but he didn't walk much faster than Weston, as his father led him along by the sleeve. By and by they stopped before something green, and said the father to the father—of his country:

"Do you see anything there?"
"Yes, I see something green there."
"Well, what does it look like?" asked the old man, taking a punch of sniff.
"It looks to me like it was cabbages of the

early worm variety," said G. W., scratching his shin with his right heel with the toe tied up

"Do you notice anything else about it peculiar? Look close," said the old man, with his hand on the boy's affectionate head. "Yes, sir-ee, I do! It is my name. George Washington—in letters of living-green cabbages, and it's the funniest thing I ever saw

out of a circus." 'Do you know who put them there, my dear and expensive son?" asked the elder W., patting him on the back much lighter than

"No, I don't; but the man who made them come up that way had a cabbage-head on him,

"Did you ever see anything like it before?" asked the father, looking at the cabbages over his spectacles to get a better view of

"Hardly ever," said the boy, who was destined by his father to become the future president of the United States like all other boys. "Don't you think it is a most wonderful freak of Nature?" asked the original Washington, wiping his spectacles on the linen tail of

"Indeed it is, pap. But Nature didn't know enough about spelling to run a foot-race in a spelling-match at school. Don't you see that if Nature set out them seeds she made a great mistake there in spelling 'George' which she spells Gorge. She must have seen that she was going to run short of seed and believed in making as few lines as possible. She didn't believe in cabbaging from the alphabet any more letters than she could get along with." "Ah, true enough," said the old man,

scratching his chin and looking serious, "who-ever did it left out a letter, but, as you observed, it isn't one of the economies of Nature or anybody else. Here I myself have been writing your name without the E ever since you were born, and never knew the difference till now. Oh, sour-kreut!" and he took a thoughtful chew of tobacco and spit abstractedly on G. W.'s foot, and kicked a toad away that was smelling of his boot, as if it was a hoptical il-"Have you any idea that those cabbage-plants could have come up by chance, in

"Well, it might be, but all the chances in the world are that if Chance had anything to do with it he would not have spelled it 'Wosh-

'That is so, my son; you can't always depend on anything to be correct. But, what

does this lesson teach you?"
"I don't know, unless it is that that name will some day come to a large head and be of good stalk.

"Just so, my boy, and it will also show you that your name is written already on your country's soil, and that it will grow if you hoe it and give it more attention than you usually give to other vegetation in this garden. There is a name, my boy, that is valuable."

"Yes, I see, father; cabbage-plants are already selling for ten cents a dozen in the market, and that name will furnish several dozen, and if, as you say, that name is mine, I think I can make enough out of it to run me to the neighborhood of Christmas."

"It also shows that you will see a good deal of cold slaw and a good deal of slaughter, too. Your name in these plants shows that it will far surpass the proud Plant-agenets of our mother country, and that it will be ever green in our land, and it is an everlasting emblem that something can come to a head—or several But when "our boys" look about them, and of them. Have you any idea who sowed those

No; I don't know exactly who sowed the seed, but I see that whoever sowed them he missed a good many stitches, for there are places in the letters where they didn't come up according to contract or correctness, and they allowed a good many weeds to come up be tween, and if there is anything I hate and despise it is weeds. I always run away from

"It does not matter what fault you find with this performance; I want you to set to work and pull the weeds out of those letters, and take that hoe and go to work around that name. That is the best bed in the garden that you can cultivate; better than you can cultivate the bed in which you are such a hard seed to get started in the morning. And if that name in American soil, there, doesn't come to something, it will be because I fail to see that you are at work at it from early sunrise till late sunset, and don't you forget it

But tell me, father, did you not plant those seeds? I think I can see your handwrite, and also your hand-spelling, in the name."
"Well, I never cut the cherry-tree like a

tell a lie; I did it with my little-my little

"Then, father, if you wanted my name to grow up so people could read it right, why did you not spell it correctly?"

"My son, I am very glad that you have the intellect to correct your father in his old age; yet still I am glad to be able to correct you in your early youth. I will say nothing about your criticisms on this name writ in the ground with cabbage-seeds, but I recollect that I had a hard time to get you out of the bed this morning. I promised myself, then, that I would have to let you feel the rod of empire, so I respectfully invite you to take off your coat and walk into the cellar so you won't disturb the neighbors. I can't spell well, but you won't be well a spell if that will do you any good, and I hope it will."

You can alpha-bet that he got nearly as much as he wanted. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THE Tribune, Sewickley, Pa.: "If all of our papers were as good in quality and as pure in tone as the STAR JOURNAL the sources of literary demoralization would vanish. The STAR JOURNAL is, we believe, the best weekly pub-lished for readers of popular literature."

"Oneonta Clergyman" writes: "I do not believe much in fiction reading, but I know how all young folks, and a great many folks that are not young, like a good story; so, as such reading will find its way into the house, I wish it to be the best of its kind. Your paper I have perused more or less for three years past, and must admit that while it is 'sensational' it is so in no offensive way, but, like a Beecher or is so in no offensive way, but, like a Beecher, or a Talmage, or a Spurgeon, goes right at the heart of a subject and puts it before the reader

## Topics of the Time.

-It is somewhat over two hundred vears since —It is somewhat over two numbers years since the first public lantern was put up in Paris—a lantern inclosing a candle. This was in 1668. Louis XIV. was so pleased with this innovation that he ordered a medal to be struck, with the legend Securitas mittor.

-Pretty little Mlle. Van Zandt's debut in —Pretty little Mille. Van Zandt's deout in London reminds divers critics of that of Patti seventeen years ago, and some of them are not backward in saying that the young lady is to be the prima donna of the future. Mile. Van Zandt has a charming and promising voice, and if her health can endure the strain of hard work she will probably fulfill these agreeable propher. she will probably fulfill these agreeable prophecies. She is a remarkably pretty young creature, with an expressive face and a bright coloring; but she has a most fragile and delicate looking frame. Which is all very consoling, seeing that Marie is an American by birth and adverting.

-Edison's restless genius has evolved an al-—Edison's restless genius has evolved an almost wholly new telephone, which is infinitely more powerful and useful than the first ones made, and which Prof. Bell claimed were "appropriated" from his inventions. To obviate all possibility of Prof. Bell's further hostility, the Buckeye Boy has taken a new departure in telephonic expression by inventing a simple machine which, hung up on the wall, talks loudly to a roomful, and so distinctly as to tell who the distant speaker is. He says he just did this for fun to show the testy Englishman how not to talk! not to talk!

not to talk!

—Sarah Bernhardt, the coming star in the theatrical firmament—is, by all accounts a queer creature. She wears, in her studio (for she is also a superior sculptress and peanter) an actual male dress—trowsers and pea-jacket of silk. On her feet, however, are the prettiest of satin slippers, and her soft hair fringes her forehead in the most feminine way. It is said, indeed, that she wears this dress without any loss of womanly grace. She is much amused by the various newspaper reports of her eccentricities. "No; I do not sleep in a coffin," she said not long ago. "I did so once to familiarize myself with the idea of death, but now find it is not so comfortable as a bed. It is curious how many idle stories there are about me. My favorite dishes, I hear are burnt cats, lizards' tails, and peacocks' brains sautiés au beurre de singe. I like to play at croquet with skulls, although I have here the skeleton of a man who destroyed himself on account of a disappointment in love. You ask me what my theory of life is; it is represented by the word 'nature.' 'Quand même,' you know is my device."

—A glowing account is given of the improvement going on in Parsia since the country hes

—A glowing account is given of the improvement going on in Persia since the country has been taken in hand by Austrian and Russian officers. A marked change appears in Teheran. Nearly all rich Persians now drive in European style; the principal boulevards are lighted. The new Persian army is being organized by the Austrian officers in the Austrian manner. The arganization of the cavalry has been confined Austrian officers in the Austrian manner. The organization of the cavalry has been confined to a Russian colonel of Cossacks. The police is being organized by an Austrian count, who has been appointed chief master of the police. The police and gendarmes are to number 25,500 men. police and gendarmes are to number 25,500 men. Two foreigners who wished to establish gasworks at Teheran arrived there some days ago. A company for the purpose has been formed, and counts the Persian Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Posts among its members. The coining of the new Persian money continues without interruption; the Chief of the Mint, Amine Sultan, furnishes every day as much as 25,000 tomans in silver coin. And thus inexorable Time has its revenges. Here is the old Assyrian Empire that has withstood the shock of ages tamely succumbing to the new civilization as tamely succumbing to the new civilization as a child to its master.

—Dr. Huggins, the very distinguished British spectroscopist and astronomer, had at one time a magnificent mastiff named "Kepler," who was the possessor of rare canine gifts. At the close of a dinner or luncheon-party, Kepler would march sedately into the room and set himself down at his master's feet. The Doctor would propound to him various arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake—even extracting square roots offquestions, which the dog invariably solved with-out a mistake—even extracting square roots off-hand with the utmost promptness. Where complicated processes were involved Kepler would give more consideration, and sometimes hesitate as to where his barks ought finally to stop; but he always gave the right number. The cake which was to reward him was held up be-fore him during the exercise, but Kepler never removed his eyes from his master's face until the solution was arrived at, then the cake disap peared instantly. The explanation of thes wonders is that while Dr. Huggins was perfect y unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to the Doctor himself. Kepler was, in fact, a mind-reader

-It has long been a theory among sporting men that a horse could trot or run about so many races; that a pedestrian could go about so many miles; and that when these were done he was done. In other words, a man's frame is capable of just about so much exertion. Mod-erately used, it is sufficient to carry him through comfortably to old age. Used in excess, it breaks him down within a limited period. In other phrase, a man is capable of many ordinary efforts, but of only a few supreme ones. The phenomenal performance of Weston in the Astley belt tourney, will go far toward sending this theory flying topsy-turvy. By all the ordinarily-received laws of athletics he was the very last man to look to for such a thing. In he was considered an old, walked-out hack, for whom there was nothing but defeat in a contest with such men as "Blower" Brown, John Ennis and Charles Rowell. He had been a professional tramp for twenty years, and if there is a limit to human endurance it seemed that he must have reached it. had the reputation of a loser, and the man who could have foreseen the outcome from the be-ginning might have made a barrel of money with a handful. It was only last April, when Blower" Brown covered 542 5-16 miles in 140 1-2 hours, that the record-keepers were compelled to revise their "best performances" at long distances, and now Weston has put them to the necessity of a revision. As he is a real "cold-water man"—never drinks spirits, the temperance men ought to get up and crow.

—Our own Black Hills and Colorado and Shasta and Cinnabar regions do not have all the rough life to themselves, as we learn that in New South Wales life is pretty much the same as in other "border" sections. There, a short time ago, four ruffians marched into Jerilderie and captured the police. Two of them put on the uniforms of those dignitaries and went their rounds next day. On the day after that they took one of the policemen, went to the Royal Hotel, had him introduce them to the landlord, whom they coolly informed that they intended to rob the New South Wales Bank, which was in the adjoining building. The leader then stationed two of his men outside and the other in the hotel, while he himself, with a revolver in each hand, walked into the bank and informed the inmates of his business. They im--Our own Black Hills and Colorado and Shas informed the inmates of his business. They im-mediately surrendered, and for the next three mediately surrendered, and for the next three hours he ransacked the vaults, kept watch over the prisoners, and added to their number all who came in the bank on business. After emptying the bank, the four, instead of leaving with their booty, remained in the town for six hours drinking at the hotels, taking whatever property struck their fancy, making the citizens cut down telegraph poles for their amusement, and, in short, ordered the town about at their autocratic and erratic will, after which they took their short, ordered the town about at their autocra-tic and erratic will, after which they took their loot and rode leisurely away. All this they did without resistance, although at the time there was a reward of \$15,000 offered for any of their heart of a subject and puts it before the reader in its most impressive or attractive shape. I consider the STAR JOURNAL a representative of the best type of a popular weekly, and do not hesitate to commend it when I speak of popular Mr. Aiken, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Badger, will have to go to New South Wales for incident!

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "A Green Sward Proposal;" "Rose Geranium;" "A Cloud on the Sea;" "Lizzie Ma-son's Choice;" "Old Ropes;" "How to Catch a Sun-beam;" "The Pleasant Sorrow;" "My Pet;" "A Place in the Ranks;" "Little Bare Arms;" "Sea and Sand;" "The Belle's Plot."

and sand; "The Belle's Plot."

Declined: "What I Love;" "A Long Branch Episode;" "Nothing Here, etc.;" Two prems by E. L.
C.; "Haunted Mill;" "Kuriositias;" "To Pittsfield
and Beyond;" "Ralph's Wife;" "Lulu's Little
Ruse;" "A Week in Arcady;" "Taken In;" "A
Pearl Mine;" "Cap-a-pie;" "Spent But Not Lost;"
"Good-night and Good-day."

INQUIRER. All the numbers named are out of orint.

GYPSUM. Address Celluloid Company, Newark, New Jersey.

Mary L. "Vous Ami Jacq," awaits call or order. It is well worthy of use.

STAR. We do not usually send the JOURNAL for the price named, but do so in your case.

Information. The Young New Yorker is not now published.—We do not know the young lady. Ask the theatrical people.

Bazoo. Sorry we cannot use poem. It is so what crude. You do not understand poetic art versification. Read up and study some good w on the Requisites of Verse.

C. C. It is perfectly consistent with propriety to ullow a strange gentleman in your pew at church to ook over your hymn-book, if there is not another one in the pew to hand him.

Neva. A queer druggist it must be who cannot supply or prepare the ointment. Tell him to look in the U.S. Dispensatory for formula.—Have recently given recipes for removal of tan. See back numbers of this paper.

READER. A puppy should in summer have milk with occasionally sulphur in it. Meat is his natural food, but better have it cooked, in hot weather. As to breed, you must depend on the pedigree of the mother and father.

CHEROKEE. Winner's "New Primer for the Banjo" is a very excellent self-instructor; but a banjo, as an instrument, is crude and rude. Why not take up the guitar, instead?—Your writing is not well defined. You must try and make your letters rounder and decrease.

C. L. W. Judging by MS. page the work is very crude. "They are all hurry to that particular point"—"Oh for Almagro and his troops with them we could withstand the whole nation," etc., etc., are significant indications of an imperfect manuscript. We do not care to see the work.

We do not care to see the work.

Maud. All designs for carpets, wall-paper, calico, etc., are first made on paper in full size and color, and in that shape submitted to the managers of mills, or to the manufacturers in person. Get the address of mills from packages of goods in the stores. Your penmanship is very clear and correct.

CHARLEY. 1st. A series of meetings should be arranged to test your merits as a player. 2d. If the lady's brother objects she should be the one to reconcile him. 3d. If, in your friend's absence in Europe you take his place, he can hardly assume that it is to supplant him. Let the party most concerned decide for you.

Soda Water. As the motive was a commendable.

sorned decide for you.

Soda Water. As the motive was a commendable one and the results attained were so satisfactory, the sacrifice—if such it was—was very proper. We see no reason for any regrets, and since all has terminated so happily it should be a source of pride that so much was accomplished. "All's well that ands well" is very true in this case. CELIA T. The style of ladies' watches now most favored are crystal-faced, not hunting or closed cases. The crystal is very thick and strong. A very good watch of this kind can be had for forty dollars. The Waltham ladies' watches are good time-keepers, and sell for about sixty to seventy-five dollars. Get a good watch if you can. A poor or cheap Swiss watch is a nuisance.

Swiss watch is a nuisance.

LAURA. "Spend as little as possible and lay up for a rainy day," is a miserly philosophy if carried to meanness. Self-denial can be, and often is, done from a detestable motive. If you are not a spend-thrift, and make all your own clothes, and get along without asking for "pocket-money," you are a very good manager, we should say, and are quite excusable in seeking to have things your own way, since that way is so well calculated to "add money to the purse."

Mary S. S. writes: "Can you tell me why and when vails were first worn at weddings?" As nearly is we can discover, the usage may be traced back o an old Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the redding services under a square piece of cloth. This was held, by the four corners, just above the ride and bridegroom, by four tall men; the object leing to hide the bride's blushes. In the case of a vidow, this was dispensed with; and widows, in hese days, are never married in a vail, or a white

Iress.

CÆSAR'S BOY. If the law forbids you to fish or nunt out of season it is for the purpose of restocking the streams and woods. Trout can only be taken from April to September 1st in all the Middle States. A trout-pole must be very limber and tough, in order to "play" the fish when caught on a hook on thirty or forty feet of line. With a stiff pole you would be likely to tear the hook out of the mouth, and so lose the "gamy" and intractable fish. Basspoles may be stiff, for the bass is a slow swimmer, and a sleady pull is necessary to bring him in. A good trout-pole will cost you about six or seven dollars.

HAL says he wants to make his betrothed a present before she goes upon her summer trip in the country, and asks that we suggest something appropriate, and its probable cost.—A Russia leather dressing-case with mirror in the cover, cases for sewing tools and writing utensils, clothes'-brush, velvet-brush, hair-brush, and cases for soap and cologne, is a nice gift. The prices range from \$2 to \$28. Handsome work-baskets and sewing-cases may be obtained for \$5, or pretty worsted baskets for \$1 to \$2. Portfolios for ferns, pressed seaweeds, sketches, etc., come from 75 cents to \$2 and \$3. Any one of these articles would be pretty and appropriate.

MRS. J. W. G. We fear you have sent rather late

one of these articles would be pretty and appropriate.

Mrs. J. W. G. We fear you have sent rather late for the recipe, to use it this year; but you can make good use of it another season. Select bottles with pretty good-sized mouths and fill them with freshly-shelled peas, and cork very tightly with good new corks. Put them into a saucepan with cold water to reach to the necks of the bottles, and with some hay between them to keep them from knocking together. Cover the saucepan and let the water boil, keeping it boiling for three hours, and adding more water as it evaporates. When cold, take out the bottles and cover the corks with bottle-wax, and keep them in a cool place. You will find the peas delicious, and equal to fresh ones, when you use them.

Dolores asks: "Will you please inform me how to

ogual to fresh ones, when you use them.

Dolores asks: "Will you please inform me how to make a white cotton quilted mask?" You do not say for what purpose the mask is to be used, but we suppose for wearing upon the face at night, to improve the skin. Take the sheet cotton and cut a round or oval piece sufficiently large to cover the face well up to the hair and ears, and longer by several inches than the chin. Make this several ayers thick—two or three—and quilt it. Then cut too large places. To make it fit under the chin gather it slightly. Put on four tapes, to secure it across the face, fastening them at the back of the head. Wet this in soft cold water before retiring, and wear through the night.

and wear through the night.

WILLING writes: "I have been keeping company with a young lady eleven months, and wrote her a note requesting her to become my wife. She answered, that, as she was not very good at writing, she would sooner speak of such a subject than answer it in writing. When I saw her she never mentioned it; was it her place or mine to have spoken about it?—On which finger is the engagement-ring worn? Would you advise a young man of twenty-two, who has established himself in a good business, to get married?" The person to broach the subject of marriage is the gentleman; and where the lady suggested her preference for speaking of the matter, rather than writing of it, you should have taken the very next opportunity to press your suit. She must think you very much lacking in loverlike ardor.—The engagement-ring is worn on the left hand, on the first finger.—We would certainly advise you to get married.

Sadie A. V. says: "I wish you would tell me have

Sadie A. V. says: "I wish you would tell me how to act under rather peculiar circumstances. I have been quite intimate with a young gentleman, his sister being my dearest friend. He visited me considerably, took me out often, and always called me, as I did him, by his first name. I like him very much, and thought we might become lovers, in time, as his sister seemed to desire it. But all at once he got another girl. His sister told me of it, and yet he treated me just the same, and does yet; asks me to go to church with him of a Sunday evening, sit by him on the sofa when we are together, and such things. He has never told me he had a girl, and I like him; what ought I to do?" If you believe his sister, you should not allow the gentleman to treat you so familiarly in the future. He may never have regarded you as other than a good friend, and so not think of treating you differently. But it is your place to compel more reserve, even while you continue your friendliness. By accepting attentions from him, you will place yourself in a faise position with your acquaintances. Do not allow any familiarities, henceforth.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

#### A SUMMER IDYL.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

Oh! sweetest days of all the passing year, When Spring's fair hand is clasped in Summer

own, And greenly wreathed the woodland ways appear. Blended with song and roses freshly strewn. Sweet is the coolness of this forest shade, Where coral cups and hidden blossoms grow, And tender flowers that grace the mossy glade, Shower at our feet their petaled leaves of snow.

Winding between the purple hills of phlox, The brooklet ripples on its silver way, And lo! this pale arbutus 'neath the rocks, Strives to recall the sweetness of the May

A sunbeam having lost its shining track, Threading its way the sunlit meadows o'er, No hand can lure the restless truant back, Hid in the lily-cup beside the shore.

And now a sudden fragrance fills the air, From half-blown buds that wake beneath our feet, And gazing down, their beauty quaint and rare, Fills all the air with bahm and incense sweet.

How fair is yonder meadow from afar! One tuft of emerald light, with fold on fold Of drifted buds. How sweet these violets are, And crocus cups that brim with molten gold!

But now the brightness of the day is spent, A fresh breeze rising strangely cool and fair, Kneels by the water's edge as though it bent To kiss the lips of lilies sleeping there.

Only the Summer's hand could crown with flowers, The budding branches dry and leafless long, Strew sweetest garlands thro' the passing hours, And make the woodland blossom into song.

## A Great Mistake.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

GLADYS moved about the cheery, sunny room, arranging a vase of fresh May blossoms here, a chalice of hot-house ferns there; adjusting the lace curtains so that the westering sunshine fell in on the India matting as through a vail—making a dainty, shimmering shadow of the apple-trees as the wind swaved their blossome. the apple-trees as the wind swayed their blossoming branches.

She was the most strangely beautiful woman She was the most strangely beautiful woman Clyde Sardis had ever seen, and as he sat on the piazza outside the French windows, smoking a cigar scarcely less delicately fragrant than the sweet May day, and watching all her graceful movements, every one of which was a poem of itself, he was thinking how ever it happened that this glorious, enchanting creature had become an inmate of his grandfather's house; and wondering, even more surprisedly, that she was still free, with that ravishing beauty and fascination of hers.

still free, with that ravishing beauty and fas-cination of hers.

He sat quietly in the comfortable bamboo-chair, his handsome blue eyes growing warm and eager as they followed the girl from place to place; and then when she sat down a moment at the open piano and struck a half-dozen preliminary chords before she sung an aria from Traviata, he flung away his Reina Vic-toria, and went in through the window, to meet her luminous eyes as he stopped beside the in-

strument.
"Don't stop, Miss Saxehurst. You always stop as soon as I come in."
He drooped his handsome head a little nearer her; she laughed, and deliberately arose from

the piano-stool.
"Do I really? You know Mrs. Sardis would be very much displeased to hear me sing—for

be very much displeased to hear me sing—for anybody."

"And if my august sister-in-law should be guilty of such poor taste—what then?"

Gladys walked slowly toward the open window, where the declining sun shot its almost level rays full into her grand young face—a face so exquisite in its health and purity and rare beauty that even the searching radiance only added to its charm.

As Sardis followed her, with intense reproach

only added to its charm.

As Sardis followed her, with intense reproach in his eyes, she lifted her own to his again, fairly dazzling him with their splendor of rare, rich, red-brown light.

"What then? She would gracefully give me my congé, Mr. Sardis."

"Would she? Would she, really? Then sing to me, Miss Saxehurst, so I can take you myself."

Gladys laughed.

self."
Gladys laughed.
"How generous you are! And I never had such a delightful position as here at Sunnylands. Please do not forget I am not independent like—Miss Duncan. I am not that fortunate

dy, remember."
"It is not at all likely that I shall forget you
"You "You are not Miss Duncan," he said, eagerly. "You are something far more enchanting and beautiful than she—or any mortal woman."

He was looking straight in her face, watching the brief little flush that so seldom disturbed its pale fairness. Even now, she took no notice, apparently, of his intersences.

apparently, of his intenseness.
"Well—Miss Duncan is the most favored wo

man I ever saw. She is rich, and her own mis-

ess, and—
She hesitated, in her pretty, graceful way.

"And what?" he asked, tenderly.

"That is enough, I am sure," she added, light-

ly. "" Is it enough, Gladys? Would riches and independence be all the goods of the gods you would ask?"

would ask?"

Somehow, their talk was growing very confidential; somehow, Clyde Sardis was realizing that this woman with the wine-brown eyes and drooping lashes and perfect hands, was creating a delirious, intoxicating havoc in his heart—this exquisite creature whose name was Gladys Saxehurst, and who was a hired servant in his grandfather's homestead—a paid attendant on his elegant, aristocratic sister-in-law's caprices—this lovely creature fit to be crowned and throned.

A quick little light flashed up in her eyes at his words, and then, her lids drooped swiftly, letting the long thick lashes lie on her cheeks

like a shadow.

"It would not be enough, Gladys—I know that! With such a woman as you, love should be lord of all—such love as I—"

A mischievous little face suddenly thrust itself in between the lace curtains.

"Please, uncle Clyde, mamma says will you come up to her room? Miss Duncan is there, and they want you."

and they want you."

Somehow, it made a break in the harmony. Somehow, after young Clyde had vanished again, and they two were left standing alone together, the thread of their conversation would not be taken up again, and it was Gladys who dissipated the rather awkward embarrassment of blank silence that fell upon

"Happy Miss Duncan!" she said, with a laughing little grimace that showed to perfection her small strong teeth, white as milk, and her exquisite curve of lips, and play of dimples in cheek and chin.

He shrugged his shoulders and went out; and Miss Saxehurst stood several minutes just where he had left her, a grave, thoughtful look coming into her eyes, a compressed, almost merciless expression gathering on her firmlyclosed lips

Then, she heard voices from some one descending the stairs, and then Isidore Duncan came down, followed by Mrs. Sardis and Clyde, came down, followed by Mrs. Sardis and Clyde, and Gladys stepped away from where she was, that they might not see her, yet, where her eager, jealous eyes could watch Isidore Duncan's sweet, serious dignity of manner as Clyde Sardis walked beside her to the carriage that had just driven up to the mount, and was in waiting.

"Nor could I dream of who is in love made a great mi it is rectified in time. A best to forget it all."

And poor Gladys Saxe for her censure or pity?

minutes later, before the carriage wa lost to her gaze down the shady turnpike, old Mr. Sardis came in—a fine, handsome, courtly old gentleman of sixty, whose eyes lighted at sight of her, as he went across the room to

cept an old man's love and his name, and his home. Gladys! My darling, is it?"

For she had bewitched him, and—all his magnificent fortune, his princely home, the grand old name, the unassailable position as his wife and mistress of Sunnylands, were lying at her feet, to be taken or—rejected.

It was a wonderful streak of fortune, and Gladys had told herself so, over and over, in the twenty-four hours since Mr. Sardis had made his offer of marriage to her.

A wonderful piece of good luck, only—handsome Clyde had been nearer the truth than even Gladys had dared whisper to herself when he had said that for such as she love should be lord of all.

of all.

And—she never could, by any possibility, care for Clyde's grandfather, with all his courtly manliness and his riches and his position, because—she loved the grandson, the magnificent young fellow who was confidently expected to make love to and marry Isidore Duncan.

And Gladys felt a great wrenching pain at her heart that was a strange commingling of anger and disappointment and jealousy and misery, as she imagined Clyde and Miss Duncan off riding together in the sweet May sunsetting.

Mr. Sardis gently interrupted her wandering thoughts.

Mr. Sardis gently interrupted her wandering thoughts.

"Well, Gladys! Remember I have been patient for twenty-four hours, and now I want to know how it is to be. Child—can you let me have you for my blessing, my treasure? Can you come to me and love me with all your fresh young heart? Because, unless you can, dear, I would rather you would frankly tell me what will be a sore distress to me."

To be mistress of Sunnylands. To own the very horses and carriage with which Isidore Duncan was riding that minute. To rise higher than the haughty woman who paid her sixty dollars a month for services rendered. To have diamonds and signed blank checks—should she? If only she could crush down that fierce longing for Clyde Sardis; if only—

"We will be a very pleasant family circle," Mr. Sardis said; "you are aware that Clyde and Isidore will be married in a few months, and unless you come to be my little wife, I shall be very lonely all to myself."

and unless you come to be my little wife, I shall be very lonely, all to myself."

He smiled down in her suddenly swiftly-paling face—and for just one anguishful little minute her breath seemed leaving her lungs, her heart seemed as if grasped in a cruel iron hand, and then—it was over and she smiled in any and then-it was over, and she smiled in an

swer.
"It is because I cannot comprehend why you should want me, Mr. Sardis. If you really

She had no need to finish her sentence, for Mr. Sardis drew her to him in a sudden, glad

embrace.
"My own little love! You never, never shall regret this. If ever a woman experienced what it was to be an old man's darling, it shall be you,

And, after she had escaped to her room, she And, after she had escaped to her room, she walked up and down, up and down, with a white, drawn face that would have horrified both of the two men, with her small, fair hands tightly clenched, trying to beat down the agony of jealous longing for Clyde Sardis, with his handsome, eager eyes, and thrilling, passionate voice, and masterful way that had completely conquered her. Once that evening she went up to Mr. Sardis as he sat at an open window—in a pleading little way that was absolutely irresistible.

"Please don't mention our—our engagement,
"Please don't mention our—our engagement,
will you? It will be unpleasant for me—until—
I get a little used to it. Wait until I tell you,
will you, please?"

He caressed the fingers that lay so lightly and

"If you wish it so, Gladys. It is fortunate that you spoke so early, for I had fully intended to explain it all to Mrs. Sardis and Isidore Clyde, when they have finished their croquet. It is almost too dusky for them to see, now."

And despite the prompt, continuently acquired.

It is almost too dusky for them to see, now."

And, despite the prompt, gentlemanly acquiescence to her whim, Gladys also comprehended he would have preferred it otherwise.

"When they finished their croquet," Mr. Sardis had said; and when they finished it, Mrs. Sardis, and Miss Duncan, and Clyde, Jr., went into the brilliantly-lighted parlor where the old gentleman sat—and Clyde went straight to the dusky corner in the adjoining room—the music-room and Mrs. Sardis's morning parlor—where Gladys sat in a low, wide bamboo rocker, looking out into the starry darkness.

"I will not intrude, Miss Saxehurst," he said, lightly and half-inquiringly, as he went up to

ightly and half-inquiringly, as he went up to her, so near that he could see her ravishingly beautiful face that was even more glorified by the peculiar shadowy light; and then, catching up one of her hands that lay like a lily petal on the arm of the chair, the self-same hand his courtly old grandfather had kissed scarcely an

hour before, he drew her to him—up from the chair.

"Because," he said in a quick, passionate whisper that thrilled every nerve in her frame, "because I will come to you, anyhow. I have been dying of impatience to finish what I would have said this afternoon—Gladys!

"Gladys! you must love me, you must love me! Will you? Darling, do you?"

Beyond the hopelessness of it, the cruelty of it, seeing that he was engaged to Isidore Duncan, the speechless ecstasy of it all surged like a wave of light and life over her, and—in one, just one little moment of weakness, or rather of desperate reckless longing and heart-aching for this handsome pleader who had no more right to speak than she had to listen—Gladys lifted up her face, which had that in it that made him stoop and kiss the quivering crimson lips, over and over, and hold her close to his breast. Only for one little, little second; and then, she broke away from him with an impatient description description. hen, she broke away from him with an impa-

tient, despairing little cry.
"No! What good can come of this, even if we so love each other? Clyde! Clyde Sardis, ras there ever such sarcasm of fate before? Ve love each other, and you are to marry sidore Duncan, while I am engaged to—your

fairly flung the last words at him, and he, looked as if she was speaking random words.
"What are you saying, my darling? I am to marry Miss Duncan? Perhaps people think so, but certainly it is not so, as the lady herself can testify. But I don't understand what you

testify. But 1 don't understand what you mean by saying you are engaged to marry my grandfather, Gladys."

An anguishful little cry came from her lips, and she shrunk back into the chair again.

"He asked me, and he said you would marry her—and—and—my heart almost broke, but I will him you Glydel oh for God's sake don't. told him yes-Clyde! oh, for God's sake, don't ook at me like that! I loved you so-I love you

For a look of sudden disapproval and gravity was merging into one of scorn and contemptu-

"It certainly was a strange way to manifest your love, Gladys. And see here. Somehow, t has—hurt me. I couldn't think of being a rival of—my grandfather's. Let us forget it

And he turned away from her, all his feelings in a state of revulsion for this fair creature who would have so deliberately sold herself.

Just as old Mr. Sardis stepped through the door, and went up to her, kindly, resolutely, as one does who feels morally obliged to discipline

an erring child. "Nor could I dream of marrying the woman who is in love with my grandson. Gladys—we all have made a great mistake, but, thank God, it is rectified in time. As Clyde said, it will be And poor Gladys Saxehurst! Do you reserve

WE have never been able to understand how

it is that a woman who is apparently deaf when her husband asks her where that half-dollar is where she stood.

"Well, my little girl! It is within one minute of the time when I said I would come to hear you tell me whether or not you would achieve the standard as which he left in his pantaloons pocket before going to bed, can hear the wail of her two weeks' old baby down two flights of stairs and through three deal doors.

#### BETHESDA.

Round Bethesda's rocky and moss-grown verge
There had gathered a feverish, restless throng,
That pressed where the fountain was wont to surge,
With a healing touch and a cheering song;
And apart from these, on the granite slope,
A beggar lay, ghastly in rags and woe,
Though his cheeks still flushed with the thrill of
hope,

When the angel troubled the depths below.

Then a spasm would creep o'er his shriveled face,
And a quiver would thrill through his feeble frame,
Whenever another would seize the place
That of right to his wearisome waiting came;
But the Savior came to the healing shrine,
With a Savior's love in His yearning soul,
And there, with a pitying look divine,
Asked the crouching form: "Wilt thou be made
whole?"

Wilt thou be made whole?" with the strength o youth
The beggar leaped from his bed of stone;
Wilt thou be made whole?" learn the blessed t
That faith can cleanse thee, and faith alone!
or faith is the substance of things to be—
The heaven-born witness of things not seen;
and faith must transport us across that sea,
Where the waters roll in a death-cold sheen.

Oh, Father of faith! on thy glorious throne,
Thy head encircled with rainbow light,
Remove all doubting, and still each moan
That is floating out from this orb of night!
Let conviction's shaft, like a fiery dart,
Write in glowing words: "Wilt thou be mad
whole?"

whole?'' Till faith shall dwell in each grateful heart, And form a halo around each soul!

## Divorced but Not Divided HIS GUIDING STAR.

BY "A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,"

AUTHOR OF "BETH FOSS," "THE PRETTY PURITAN," ETC. CHAPTER X.

A SELF-WILLED WOMAN.

'For if she will, she will, you may depend on't; And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't. THE morning after Mrs. Jerrell's party found Griffis Gilruth dissatisfied with the world in general, and most of all with himself; which was entirely a new experience for that gentle-

man.

Letters which had brought only pleasurable anticipations to the others of his family were suggestive to him of annoying complications; and forced him to face the disagreeable fact that he had been the first of his line untrue to the legend of loyalty, to honor, upon which the Gilruth men so prided themselves. All of his name had been handsome men and brave; wild in many ways and loved of women and tendermannered; but not one but had held his plighted word more sacred than his love or his life. ed word more sacred than his love or his life And Griffis had broken his.

And Griffis had broken his.

Long ago, when he was a child of six, and she an infant in her nurse's arms, Griffis Gilruth's troth had been plighted, by mutual wishes of their parents, to the tiny girl-baby who represented in her own little person the right's to two of the finest estates in Germany and France.

The one she inherited directly from her father who had died without even seeing his area. The one she inherited directly from her father who had died without even seeing his only child and the successor to his splendid lands and castle-home; while through her mother—a cousin of Griffis's father—who was the only daughter of a large French family of noble blood and much wealth, the little Beatrix was heires to considerable landed wealth in France; one after enother of her weder divisorshild. ne after another of her uncles dying child

At twenty-one Griffis had been offered freedom from his betrothal, or personal ratification of it. He was traveling in Europe with his father, and just having seen Beatrix, a shy, blushing child in aprons and short dresses, brought from her school to shake hands with him, he carelessly and willingly gave his assent to the compact. He regarded marriage as a compact a man must form some time—a mere matter of the judgment after he had tired of playing the lover to a score or so of women—and what more advantageous match could he make than this one with his little French and German second-cousin? But, after all, matrimony seemed so very dim and distant, that the At twenty-one Griffis had been offered free mony seemed so very dim and distant, that th vent his way as carelessly and pleasantly as if went his way as carelessly and pleasantly as if there was no such person as Beatrix in all the world; yet not with a dream of marrying any other woman. He had never really considered where his intimacy with Elinor St. Martyn might lead him, until she stood looking into his eyes with her wistful, yearning ones that only time when he had surprised her in a mood like to that of women who can love. Then he did what it was so natural for a man to do in the presence of a rarely beautiful woman, whose resence of a rarely beautiful woman whose eart many have desired to share and he only succumbed to flattered vanity and ambi

And now, a few short hours after his outburst f passion, and the understanding to which it ad led, he must needs be reminded of his broken honor, and foreign fiancée, by the announce-ment that Beatrix and Mrs. Leuthold would soon be in New York.

The tidings had come with the morning mail. To the judge they were most pleasing. He desired to see his only son settled in life, and sired to see his only son settled in life, and hoped that Beatrix's visit would speedily result in the consummation of the cousins' long betrothal. Mrs. Gilruth, too, received the news gladly, and looked forward to introducing the ladies to New York society, and giving stylish entertainments in their honor. While Gertrude was elated with the anticipations of extra gayeties, and, perhaps, with the thought that she would be likely to be under less strict surveillance as regarded her acquaintance with the handsome artist. Griffis only was annoyed at

the thought of his betrothed's arrival.

"I am in a horrible fix, certainly," he reflected, gloomily, as he ran up to his room. "It would never do to return Mrs. St. Martyn her ring the day after she gave it to me. I have no hoice but to let matters take their own way for awhile, keeping quiet my engagement to Beatrix, and, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. The amount of the business is, I hate to break with Elinor! Of course I should get along with Beatrix well enough—Gertrude says she is a gentle, docile little thing—better perhaps then with the other who has a tempor berhaps than with the other, who has a temperand will of her own that old St. Martyn neveramed; but when it comes to love—Elinor has uch a figure, such eyes, such a face, with all woman's flesh-and-blood and fire about her, hough she does seem such a marble statue! To hink of putting her out of one's life, forever, to narry a namby-pamby girl! And yet, I be-ieve I was not wont to consider it essential that

one should be en rapport with one's wife!" and he laughed at his inconsistency.

Perhaps it was to test the quality of the regard he felt for her that Griffis stopped at Mrs. St. Martyn's on his way down-town. He scarcely expected to see her, but purposed leaving his ard with a dainty cluster of flowers. To his eard with a dainty cluster of flowers. arprise she was breakfasting, and sent for him o join her in the pretty room where she sat sip-

ping her coffee.

"Good boy! How nice of you to get here so quickly! Did you meet my messenger?" she asked, smiling and holding out her hand.

"No; had you sent for me? I merely stopped to leave these," and he brushed her brow with his live as he stoored to lay the blossoms on her

his lips as he stooped to lay the blossoms on her Elinor looked a trifle annoyed, and impatientlarge but not unbecoming slouch hat. Reaching the stone steps he turned his attention to the steps he turned his attention to the steps he turned his attention to the carriage. The coachman had dismounted and stransaction that requires immediate attention, and in which I am greatly interested. Will

you!" with a shade of anxiety not characteristic

Gilruth looked indifference that he was far

from feeling, as he answered:
"Is not Atterbury your lawyer? It would not do to interfere with another man's client." not do to interfere with another man's client."

"Yes, Mr. Atterbury has managed my business since the death of my father and Mr. St.
Martyn. But he is prosaic and peculiar, and I do not care to have him take this matter in hand. To tell the truth, Griffis," laughing, "I am afraid he will think it a foolhardy affair altogether and consider it his duty to attempt to advise and coerce me."

"And you imagine I will do your will blind." And you imagine I will do your will, blind-

"I am willing to try you," she retorted, gay-

Y.

"And what is this rash undertaking, in which rou need a lawyer's assistance?"

"Do you promise to devote yourself to it?"

"I promise to devote myself to your inteests, always, Elinor."

But when Mrs. St. Martyn had narrated the weath of the precious graphics he explained. events of the previous evening, he exclaimed

impetuously:

"And you expect me to encourage you to commit yourself further to this preposterous affair? I never heard of such madness! I would not have supposed you capable of doing anything so utterly foolish and rash! You must let the matter drop immediately, Elinor, and I will take steps to see that your name does not get

take steps to see that your name does not get abroad in connection with it!"

Mrs. St. Martyn trifled with her flowers while Mrs. St. Martyn trified with her flowers while he spoke, only a deepening glow in her cheeks betraying the attention she was giving to his imperious words. But when he had finished, she glanced full in his face, with eyes haughtily dark and determined, and a chill, scornful smile. "You might have spared yourself the waste of so much breath and energy. I did not ask for your opinion of my acts, but whether you were willing to make a professional engagement with me. It was quite easy to say no. There are dozens of lawyers and detectives who are capable of taking the affair in charge. I preferred you because you had been so kind as to intimate that you cared for me, and I supposed you would interest yourself to prosecute the matter thoroughly and privately. I will determine upon some one else, immediately."

Griffis had walked to the mantle and stood leaning there and looking down at her. For a moment his eyes blazed and his lips were compressed, ominously. Yet there was something in the beauty's very anger that attracted him. He felt that he could never command her, yet he longed to conquer her.

"Do you mean," he said, presently, very

"Do you mean," he said, presently, very calmly, "that you have fully made up your mind to continue your connection with this affair in direct opposition to any one's or every one's indement."

"I mean that I have given my promise to a dying woman; and will not break it, no matter how unpleasant or even terrible are the consequences I am forced to face in order to keep it!"

"Elinor, you certainly do not anticipate any personal unpleasantness?" he said, seriously, coing and bending over her chair.

arsonal unpleasationess? he said, seriously, oing and bending over her chair.
"Whatever I anticipate, I offered you the hance to learn the worst and to do for me your est. I am sorry to be disappointed," she answered, carelessly, yet looking up at him with a

smile.

He changed his position, suddenly, took her hands in his and bent above her face with eyes passionate and full of compelling witchery.

"Queen Elinor, command me—if you love

"You are unfair, Griffis I will not buy your

"Nonsense, my friend! If you are determined to prosecute the matter, I am the person to assist you. But, seriously, Mrs. St. Martyn, do you not think it rash to commit yourself to

do you not think it rash to commit yourself to the unraveling of this mystery?"

"I think, and know, and admit, that it was rash to engage in such a strange affair," she answered, rising. "Know it, and appreciate it, a hundred times beyond what you can, Griffis. But I fully believe that it was a decree of fate by which I was controlled; and I shall go on with what I have undertaken. I cannot make my life less happy than it is by helping to set right a wrong done to an innocent individual. So all that we need discuss now is how to soonest sift this affair to the bottom. I have ordered my carriage and am going to Mrs. Lane's immediately. You will accompany me?"

"I will," assented Griffis, committing himself to Mrs. St. Martyn's purpose without further protest, or a dream of the future he was thus to work out for himself.

ow, while I change my dress; I shall not keep ou waiting over ten minutes."

As she spoke a card was brought her upon which was penciled, underneath the name, a lessage, asking her for an immediate

"Mr. Octavien 'Irefethen!" she exclaimed, dropping the card upon the table. "I shall have to see him! It must be a matter of importance which impels him to pay a call—something about the girl who mended my laces, perhaps. Is it not enough that I forgave her failure to get them to me in time for the party?" she concluded, hastening to her visitor and not dreaming that she left Gilruth to unpleasant meditations aroused by the name she had read. Her interview with the elderly Frenchman was brief, but the favor he had come to ask seemed to Mrs. St. Martyn, at first, perfectly astounding; and she was not quite sure when she had promised it, and he had thanked her elaborately and made an appointment to receive her at his own home the next day, that she had not assumed a responsibility that would Mr. Octavien 'refethen!" she exclaimed,

she had not assumed a responsibility that would suggest to society that she had quite taken leave of her senses. But Elinor was not afraid to defy criticism, and the whole affair was so novel

tened to prepare for her drive, "I certain have enough new interests upon my hands man artruly, it never rains but it pours! Ah! My child, I nearly stumbled over you. Why, h pale you look! You do not romp enough. We will ask mamma to get you ready for a ride with me, if you are not afraid to sit in the car-

riage alone, or up on the box with James, while I make a call." Oh, not one bit!" cried Myra, in happy excitement. And when Mrs. St. Martyn joined her young attorney, she had the little girl with her, and Griffis put them in the carriage, asking

as he took his own place:
"Well, Elinor, did my misanthropic relative
prove an agreeable caller?"
"He proved a startling one. He came to ask me to mix myself up with another romance

"Elmor!"
"Oh, you'll say more than that when I tell you
it!" she laughed. "He has adopted a daughter,
or ward, or protégée, or whatever you choose to
call her, and desires me to act as chaperone to the girl."
"You will never do it?" cried Griffis, in dis-

gust. "On the contrary, I shall! It will be so novel, you see. Wonders never cease. Who knows what startling results may be brought about through the social  $d\ell but$  of this adopted

CHAPTER XI.

STRAWS. "Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is."

—John Selden.

—John Selden.

Mrs. St. Martyn's carriage stood before the dingy boarding-house where Christabel Letronne lay dead, and a little, white, grave, childish face looked out at its open window, when a man came down the walk—a tall man with a handsome face somewhat hidden by a large but not unbecoming slouch hat. Reaching the stone steps he turned his attention to the carriage. The coachman had dismounted and

"Whose carriage is this?"
"Mrs. St. Martyn's," answered Myra, grave-

Ah! And she has gone inside?" indicating

"All And Survey of the house.
"Yes, sir; she and Mr. Gilruth."
"Gilruth! Judge Gilruth?"
"I don't know; Mrs. St. Martyn calls him Griffis."
Griffis."

An unpleasant smile flickered across the man's lips. Then he asked, insinuatingly:

"And what is your name, little girl?"

"Myra Taylor, sir."

The questioner started, visibly; and gazed so intently into Myra's face that the child shrunk

intently into Myra's face that the child shrunk back, timidly.

"Myra Taylor! Then you are not Mrs. St. Martyn's little girl?" he resumed, persuasively.

"How comes she to take you riding?"

"Mamma and I live with Mrs. St. Martyn," said Myra, wishing he would go away.

"What does 'mamma' do?"

"She is Mrs. St. Martyn's maid."

Apparently satisfied with his investigations the questioner turned toward the house and at that moment a young woman came out of the basement door and spoke a few hurried words to him. It was scarcely a minute before she disappeared again, and he, too, had walked

way.

In the meantime Elinor and Griffis were in In the meantime Elinor and Griffis were in the room where lay the dead stranger. According to Mrs. St. Martyn's command the body had already been arrayed in a delicate white shroud and placed in a plain rosewood coffin; and now that the lines of her face, which at death had been distorted by excitement and anguish, had settled into repose, Christabel Letronne's was seen to be a beautiful countenance, and one that bore the unmistakable traces of those ravages made by a fiery spirit and passionate heart which often add more fascination to a woman's looks than any beauty of color or contour. Her fair profuse hair waved back from a marble-white brow, and her lashes were singularly long and silken. The mouth, too, with its waxen lips, spoke even yet of its once curving loveliness.

ins, spoke even yet of its once curving loveliness.

To Griffis the face of the dead woman was but briefly interesting, and only in a professional way; but for Mrs. St. Martyn it held an inexplicable fascination. She scanned its every lineament long and earnestly, adjusted a lock of the bright hair with tender grace over the white forehead, and lingered at the side of the coffined figure, thoughtful and sad, while Griffis questioned and cross-questioned Mrs. Lane.

All that the boarding-house mistress could tell concerning her lodger was soon learned. Mrs. Letronne was from New Orleans. She was ladylike and paid in advance. She went out a great deal, and had a daily paper brought her when she was sick, to read the personals. One day when she was going out she asked if Mrs. Lane had a safe. The landlady said that she had no safe, but a strong chest that she kept locked in a closet. Mrs. Letronne then requested to have a package put in there, and said that it contained some important papers. The parcel was square and thick, tied with ribbon, and sealed with wax stamped with the ring that Mrs. Letronne wore. Mrs. Lane knew that the packet was safe the day previous to the boarder's death, for she had occasion to get some money from her chest and saw it there; but she could not say at what time after that the closet and chest had been opened. Mrs. Letronne had been more or less a subject of speculation in the family, and no doubt among the boarders; but she had made no acquaintances, and no communications concerning herself or her business; and Mrs. Lane and her eldest daughter, Dora, had been the only persons who knew of the package in the clest.

had been the only persons who knew of the package in the chest.

Miss Lane's statement was entirely corroborative of her mother's. She affirmed that nei-ther of them had any idea that the package contained anything but papers, and that she had mentioned its existence to no one, and had no theories to advance except that her mother had, somehow, been made the victim of an ad-venturess. Miss Dora was a rather stylish girl and self-possessed; answering the questions put her by Griffis with an even voice and almost in-different manner, her cool eyes meeting his with

mo sign of unusual embarrassment or interest.

"Elinor, can you take me directly to a detective agency? I shall put the matter into the best hands possible, and there is no time to be lost," announced Griffis, as he and Mrs. St. Martyn took their departure, his professional enthusiasm thoroughly aroused.

"Courtisless in the control of the control o

"Certainly; give your order to James," answered Mrs. St. Martyn, entering the carriage. "Well, Myra, have you been lonely?"

Not very. I was a little frightened once." Why, dear?" "A man stopped and spoke to me and asked me about the carriage, and you, and mamma, Where was James that he did not stop it?

must speak to him to keep better watch over you, and not let you be interviewed against your wishes," said Mrs. St. Martyn, pleasantly. Then, turning to Mr. Gilruth, "Well, Griffis, whether was the line of the control of the contro what are you thinking?"

"That at present this seems a mysterious case; but I have my doubts as to whether we shall but I have my

"No, Griffis. She is certainly honest. It is the daughter who knew more than she told, if any one. I do not like that girl."

"Is that a woman's intuition, purely?" questioned Gilruth, teasingly.

not discover that landlady at the bottom of the

oned Gilruth, teasingty.
"Yes, a woman's intuition, purely."
"They are said to be so infallible, I shall feel onstrained to keep a look-out upon Miss Dorame. Now I must soon bid you good-morning.

constrainte to keep a look-out upon Miss Dora Lane. Now I must soon bid you good-morning. I will attend to everything concerning this affair, personally, and nothing shall be left undone that can help to get it out of its present muddle; dismiss it entirely from your mind, Elinor. You need rest. You have been, and are, more worried than you care to acknowledge. Try to forget it. I will see you this evening at the opera, if not before."
"Try to forget it," repeated Mrs. St. Martyn, leaning her head against the satin upholstery of her carriage, and drawing her hand wearily across her eyes, when Griffs was gone. "If I only could! But I shall never be able to put that woman's dead face out of my sight until I have fulfilled the promise I gave her—to find Jules Letronne, to undo the wrong she had done him! What wrong? What wrong had he suffered at her hands? What had he—this Jules Letronne—to forgive her—this Christabel Letronne? What o forgive her-this Christabel Letronne? What were they to each other? What is he—'Jule cronne—that was what he was called?' W ronne—that was what he was called. Where s he? Where are the papers, the jewels, the proofs? Proofs of what? 'I could not go into ternity without undoing a terrible wrong I once committed. I have searched, and searched, and searched, by the property of t or the person I sinned against. Ask him to for-

ive—forgive me.'"
Every word that Mrs. Letronne had uttered was engraven as distinctly upon Elinor's brain as was the woman's haunting dead face, and could not be lightly forgotten. They crowded nto her mind, and echoed in the air about her, intil she found herself in the same exhausted, hervous mood that had assailed her for a time the previous evening. But the little Myra's pre-sence was in some measure a relief to her. She took the child from one shop to another, to show her pretty flowers and toys and pictures, until she found forgetfulness and pleasure in the lit-

she found forgetfulness and pleasure in the little one's delight.

It was quite lunch-time when Mrs. St. Martyn reached home with her happy charge, and dismissing Myra with a kiss, hurriedly dressed for that meal. At the table she found Mrs. Allison—an elderly lady and distant relative who had acted as companion to the beautiful young widow ever since the death of Mr. St. Martyn.

Martyn Martyn.

"Ah! Mrs. Allison, you are so much better?

I am glad to see you down, again," Elinor said, kindly, stopping to shake hands with the mildeyed, little woman.

"Thank you, dear."

"Mrs. Sara Allison was a soft-spoken, quiet-mannered old lady, who took genuine interest

in Mrs. St. Martyn, and all Mrs. St. Martyn's doings, and all Mrs. St. Martyn's friends, but was exceedingly sparing of words. Perhaps, it was that she stood a trifle in awe of the proud,

was that she stood a trifle in awe of the proud, brilliant society queen; certainly there was no great intimacy between the two, and the elder lady might not have appreciated how much unexpressed affection Elinor cherished for her.

"I am going to increase my family, Mrs. Allison," said Elinor, brightly, when she had poured a cup of fragrant tea for her companion.

The person addressed looked as startled, and colored as vividly, as if Mrs. St. Martyn had announced some matrimonial scheme in her behalf.

"My dear?" she said in a tone partly excla-matory, partly questioning, that she often used

when surprised.
"Yes, actually," went on Elinor, lightly, recounting Sydney's history and Mr. Trefethen's
plans concerning her.
"I am afraid it will be a source of trouble to

"I am afraid it will be a source of trouble to you," remarked Mrs. Allison with strange prescience. "I do not think this raising young persons above their station is to be approved."

"Nor I, ordinarily. But if there is any unpleasant responsibility in this case it will fall on Mr. Trefethen, and not on me. Really, I cannot see how the young lady can be a source of trouble to me, aside from superintending her manners and toilettes."

"Well I hope she will not be, dear. I hope Well, I hope she will not be, dear. I hope

not."
"Mrs. St. Martyn! Mrs. St. Martyn!"
The door was thrown open, and Myra ran in, pale and trembling.
"Mamma is sick! won't you come?"

Elinor hastened up-stairs with the child. "Where is mamma?" she asked.
"In her room."

And what made her sick?" "I don't know. I was telling her about my ride, and the man who spoke to me, and she fell

Mrs. St. Martyn found the dark-robed figure of her maid lying senseless upon the floor. But a spray of cologne and application of salts edily restored her to consciousness.

"Myra! Myra! Where is she?" she asked in seeming affright, as she opened her eyes.
"Here," said her mistress, soothingly, pushing the child into the mother's arms.

Taylor clasped the little one close to her heart,

and kissed her, again and again.
"What is the matter, Taylor?" questioned

. Martyn, recalling the young woman "Only a passing faintness, ma'am. Did Myra call you? She ought not to have done it. It was nothing," she said, hurriedly.
"Certainly you look ill. I shall not want fully to herself.

"Certainly you look ill. I shall not want you before evening—the dress can go; I will wear something else—and you must lie down for a few hours," said Mrs. St. Martyn, generously but imperatively. "I will send Myra to Mrs. Allison awhile."

"Oh, no! no! Myra will be still. Let her stay with me!"

stay with me!"
Mrs. St. Martyn looked surprised.

"You are nervous," she said, gravely.
"What has happened?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Taylor, motioning
Myra to go, and striving to appear calm.
Elinor led the little girl out of the room, while the miserable mother buried her face in

her pillows, moaning:
"Why did I not tell her the truth? Perhaps she would have pitied rather than blamed me. There is nothing for me to do now but go away.

#### CHAPTER XII. FORTUNE-AND ITS CONDITIONS.

Thus her blind sister, fickle fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

—Pope,

"GUARDY! Guardy!" An impetuous rap, then the swift flinging open of the door by the man within, and the almost breathless girl was caught in his strong arms, and her excited cry stifled against his bread she where

broad shoulder.

"Where in the name of Heaven have you been, child?" he asked, after a minute, holding her from him and regarding her great dilated eyes and hot color, while his own face lost something of its pallor. "I only found a few minutes ago that you had been away all night; and I think I have grown a year older since

minutes ago that you had been away an higher, and I think I have grown a year older since. Helene, you met with no harm?"

"You shall judge, Guardy, dear," she said, brightly, drawing him to his arm-chair, the one luxury his room contained. And kneeling with girlish grace before him, she narrated minutely er mishan of the previous afternoon and a vent into the Trefethen mansion

"And you are sure you were not badly hurt?
That you are quite well enough to come away?"
"I had the doctor's permission to come. But,

"Thad the doctor's permission to come. But, Guardy, I am to go back!"

"Back! Back where, Helene?"

"To Mr. Trefethen's! Don't look so puzzled, Guardy, and so grave, while I am so happy! You will not bid me reject this good fortune,

Her companion smiled, and drew his hand caressingly across the girl's flushed, beautiful

Dear child, I have no authority to interfere with your life in any way," he answered, gravely. "And I certainly would not for an instant counsel you against the acceptance of any real good. A thousand times, Helene, I have wishgood. A thousand times, Herene, I have ed that it was in my power to make existence more bright and beautiful for you," and he looked down with tender eyes into the girl's fair face. "But you have not told me what you

mean by your 'good fortune.'"

"Mr. Trefethen has offered to take me as his ward, and care for me as he would for his own daughter, for a year, as a birthday present!

There! what do you think of that?"

Her companion regarded her in amazement; and, for a minute, in silence. He loved the girl so well that it hurt him sorely to dampen her high spirits, and spoil her beautiful vision; and yet he could but conjecture that the acceptance of such a strange offer would result in more bit ter misery to her than any she had yet known. He understood her ambitious nature, her passionate longings for a home and life above her station, and he felt that for her to spend one year in idleness and luxury, only to be thrust back into sternest poverty and utter friendless-ness, would be like thrusting her from Paradise into ball.

Guardy, you are not glad!" she said, wistfully fully. "You are not glad! Tell me why?"

She leaned her pretty dimpled chin upon her hand and watched him, with heart that beat too suffocatingly for her to quite conceal her anxi-

ety and excitement.

"Little girl, what will you do when that year is up? Could you come back here, contentder face brightened.

Mr. Trefethen said I was not to worry about

that, Guardy. And he wishes to see you, this evening, immediately after his dinner-hour. He said that by that time he should arrange ns concerning my future that he would c And you are to live in his home?"

"Really, I don't know, he is so very odd. But I think not. I wished to be allowed some duties, but he only laughed and said I need not think he intended to prison so bright a bird in that old cage." sharp "I have heard of this Mr. Trefethen—that he strum

"I have heard of this Mr. Trefethen—that he is enormously rich, and quite eccentric, so perhaps this is not a marvelous whim of his, though it does seem so to me," said the gentleman, speculatively. "Can you explain it, Helene?"

"Not fully; but I think he imagined that I looked like some one he knew," answered the girl, ingenuously. "He said I had her name, and that it was a wicked name, and I must change it. Sydney Trefethen he called me—and said it suited me well. Oh, he is very funny! So gallant—like a young man ought to "That depends quite upon Mrs. St. Martyn."

"Not so, monsieur. It depends upon Madefunny! So gallant—like a young man ought to be—one minute, and so quick and cross the next! But you will go and see him?" 'Certainly, Helene. At what hour?"

"Between seven and eight. And now I must maway—I have so much to do—so much! Some money to collect, my furniture to dispose of, and my things to pack—and all to-day, for Mr. Trefethen is to send for me in the morning."

"Then you are really going away from this poor little place where you have worked and been at home so long? Do you care at all, little cirle."

There was a touch of sadness in the speaker's voice that sent the tears in a hot gush to Helene's sumny blue eyes.

"Care? Of course I care—to leave you!

How kind to me you have been! It makes me sick to think how little I knew until you taught me. Oh, Guardy! Guardy! I shall love you just as much, and best of all, wherever I am, and all my life!" and she laid her wet face upon

s kindly-clasping hands.

And yet, for all the girl's passionate outburst

And yet, for all the girl's passionate outburst of grief she knew only when they were quite separated all that this man was to her.

"That is very kind of you to say," smiling tenderly; "but time brings many changes. I only pray that it may never cause you to forget that in me you will find a true friend, though all others fail you. I am glad that a bright future is opening to you, for the time has come when I, too, must desert this place where I have hoped and toiled."

when I, too, must desert this place where I have hoped and toiled."

"I have been fearing that ever since you commenced getting rich and famous."

"How delighted I should be, if those flattering words were true, Helene! But I do hope the foundations of competency and lasting success are laid."

cess are laid."

"I know they are!" she said, gayly. "Why, Mr. Trefethen recognized your name the moment I mentioned it. I assure you it was quite an open sesame for me to his faith! And now, Guardy, mind! you must make him promise, to-night, to let me repay him in some way for what he proposes to do for me! Don't forget that!" looking back through the half-closed door with an earnest face.

that!" looking back through the half-closed door with an earnest face.

And the man she left alone in his meagerly-furnished lodging, smilingly thought that the lonely old millionaire must be indeed very bad if he could not be repaid for all he might do for Helene's welfare by an occasional grateful glance from those brave, laughter-filled eyes. Then he wondered whether it was possible that Mr. Trefethen had discovered in the girl's pretty face a clew to a parentage at present unsuspected, and which gave her some legal or moral claim upon him. Could her good fertune be thus accounted for, or had the fickle goddess of the horn of plenty chosen the friendless orphan as a favorite upon whom to lavish strangely bright

horn of plenty chosen the friendless orphan as a favorite upon whom to lavish strangely bright gifts, in mere whimsicalness? And thus the man fell to reviewing his own life—his dreary, despised, sorrowful life, with its score of wasted years, that had held no success until now that he looked upon his manhood's rapidly-advancing prime, and even yet held not the tiniest silver cloud of promised happiness. Was he ever to conquer the malignity with which Clotho seemed determined to spin the thread of his life and win from her at last a golden guerdon?

"Bah!" he said, disdainfully, rousing himself from his dreamings. "Is this the way to win the goal for which I strive and run? I have no minutes to waste, in idleness. Faster, faster, every day, speeds the time in which a fortune and a name must be mine!"

and a name must be mine!

and a name must be mine!"

And he set himself resolutely at work, while the beautiful waif for whose sake he had been wont to daily rob himself of some of the precious hours he would otherwise have devoted to wrestling with his mad ambition, his Herculean purposes, had reached golden fortune just through the magic of her face.

But that night, for hersake, he sent in his card, Mr. Lucien Gillette, to Helene's new guardian.

But that night, for her sake, he sent in insearch, Mr. Lucien Gillette, to Helene's new guardian, and was soon talking of her with Mr. Trefethen. "She is pretty! Lovely! She pleases me!" said the old Frenchman, tersely, in sole explanation of his interest in Helene. "But we will call her Sydney, now, if you please, Monsieur Gillette. She looks upon you as her guardian, Ubeligua?"

"She has dubbed me that," replied the artist, miling, "because she has studied with me, and ad no other friend. I have no claim upon her, she upon me."
It is as she says then—she is a charity

child?"
"I think her history is entirely true. She is a remarkable girl. With all the work she does to earn a scanty living she has contrived to read and study much. I consider her intellectual

and study much. I consider net machine and study much. I consider net machine powers considerably above the average."

"Yes, remarkable! Brave! sparkling! Coquette!" assented the elder man. Then he looked up, his eyes twinkling. "This is what I mean to do for her—give her a year in which to

get married!"
Lucien started.
"Surely, you will not tell her that!" he exclaimed, almost sternly. "That child!"
The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.
"She's no child! One month in society will make her a woman—not to be outrivaled by any belle. French girls marry young, and she can do nothing better, the pretty thing, alone in this creat city." You don't mean, sir, that you propose to in

oduce that girl, who has never seen other life an in an asylum, a kitchen, and a garret, di-ctly to the fashionable world? I never heard The artist's surprised, dissenting face seemed

ly to please Mr. Trefethen. only to please Mr. Trefethen.

"That is what I have been told before, today! But I shall do it! She shall take society
by storm with her fresh, frank, sparkling ways.
No artificial training shall spoil her!"

"And yet, you would spoil the purity of her
soul, by setting her the degrading task of seeking a husband to stand between her and return
the coverty."

Not so! Not so!" cried the old man, testily

"The husband shall seek her! I shall tell her nothing, except that she is to be happy."

"And if the husband does not seek her? There are few demands for penniless brides."

"She shall not be penniless. I have given her my name, and the day she marries I will settle."

ettle a fine fortune upon her. But if, at the end of the year, she has no betrothed, and she wishes it, I will make her heiress to everything

wishes it, I will make her helress to everything that I possess, except my estates abroad, and she shall never marry!"

"You mean that a promise to that effect must be the condition upon which you will make her your heiress?"

"Yes! And I take her, now, upon these conditions—she not to know of them until I choose to tell them to her! What shall you say to her?"

"Nothing. My lips shall be sealed. I hope the girl will be happy. It is all I can do. I dare not take the responsibility of standing be-tween her and the chances you offer her."

"Then you have never intended marrying ner yourself?" said the Frenchman, suddenly. "I?" Gillette's voice was fairly tremulous

"I?" Gillette's voice was fairly tremulous. It was such a new, strange, startling suggestion. "Oh, no! No!"

"Well, well, she will be in good hands. There is no better woman in town to take her into society than Mrs. St. Martyn."

"Mrs. St. Martyn."

"Ah? I see you know her?" The old gentleman's keen eyes had not lost the indescribable look of mingled pleasure and repulsion with which his visitor had repeated that name. "And do you know Gilruth—young Gilruth?" he added, instantly after, with voice hard and sharp and cutting as some slender deadly instrument.

"That depends quite upon Mrs. St. Martyn."
"Not so, monsieur. It depends upon Mademoiselle Trefethen; and she will never forget

you."
"I should be sorry to think so. And, now,

for her sake, I must ask how she can repay you

your favor?"
'By being a success!" snapped Mr. Trefem. "She must not disappoint me! She must

a success!"
o Mr. Gillette took his departure—marveling how strangely destiny was weaving the woof of many lives through the hands of this queer old man who had gathered up the threads and offered fortune upon such strange conditions to the foundling; and questioning; "Will she be a success?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 486.)

## Iron Wrist,

The Swordmaster of Copenhagen.

A TALE OF COURT AND CAMP. BY COL. THOMAS HOYER MONSTERY, HAMPION-AT-ARMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST STAGE. It was the same post-house at which the Dane ad been overtaken the evening before that he now knocked, and he took care to make the sum-

The same stupid postmaster came to the door, out as soon as he saw the gleaming uniform of the swordmaster, he began to make obeisance. "Mighty general, imperial highness, the orses are all ready. How many does your ordship require?"

ordship require?"

"How many have you got?" demanded Olaf, for an idea had come into his head.

"Two complete sets, general—six horses."

"Out with them all—on the emperor's service," cried Olaf, and away went the postmaster as if he had been running a race.
Out came the horses all ready harnessed for

ter as if he had been running a race.

Out came the horses, all ready, harnessed for a troitka or tarantass, and the postmaster looked round for the vehicle.

"Take the harness off, Nicolai, and change our saddles," commanded the Dane; and Nicolai, a stalwart Cossack, trained to implicit obedience, followed the order in silence.

The postmastar stared in silence.

The postmaster stared in silence, but did not lare say a word, for Olaf stood close to him with a heavy whip in his hand.

No sooner were the saddles shifted than the swordmaster mounted his fresh horse and asked:

"How many more horses, and where are they?"

"Only four, your excellency, and they are out in the fields."
"Then drive these on, Nicolai. We shall want them on the road," was the cool reply, and the Dane set the example by waving his long whip and sending the whole batch of loose orses away at a gallop down the white road,

rough the fog.

The Cossack obeyed orders with the stolid air

of a Russian soldier. "The caar's orders" covered everything in his mind.
Olaf Iron Wrist laughed softly to himself as he galloped on through the darkness and fog.
"They will not overtake us in a hurry this time," he thought. "We have all the horses, and by the time we have swent a few post-

time," he thought. "We have all the horses, and by the time we have swept a few post-houses, we shall be out of danger."

He knew that loose horses will follow a herd for miles after they have been unsaddled for lack of ability to carry a rider, and that by changing from horse to horse on the route he would be able to go quite fast.

Therefore he did not attempt to husband the animal he was riding, but kept on at a good stiff gallop for mile after mile, the loose herd following him at the same pace.

owing him at the same pace.
Only the whiteness of the road enabled him so find his way, for the night was very dark and the fog was so thick that the trees of the prest were invisible till one almost touched

So he rode on for nearly an hour at the same apid gallop, till he began to feel that his new norse was laboring heavily. Calling a halt, he rode into the herd, and he

and the Cossack changed their saddles in a nurry, after which they dashed on, nearly as ast as before.

The new horses acted as if they were quite resh. But Olaf knew that they would not last s long as if they had been really fresh, and he was glad to see, from the faint white glow that began to light up the fog, that the moon was ising at last. It was two days beyond the full now, and he hoped that the fog would lift. He did not want to miss the post-house.

gging and spurring hard at the new horses he kept them at a rapid gallop for half an hour longer, and then shifted saddles a second

As he did so, the fog began to lift above the ree-tops, and he saw that he was in the midst f a vast plain, flat as a billiard-table, and prinkled with stunted trees, hardly thick enigh to be called a forest, through which the

ad ran on straight as an arrow.
Far ahead of him a light was gleaming. Nicoloff post-house," observed Nicolai the Cossack, with a nod in the direction of the light.

"How far have we come, then?" asked Olaf.

"Sixty-five versts," (about forty-six miles,)

vas the reply.
"Only that!" exclaimed Olaf, incredulously; "and from the city?"
"No, from Psakoff, colonel."
"That is better. You say it is sixty-five versts to that post-house. Come, it is time we were there. *Poshol*, Nicolai." (Come on, Nichoand from the city?

Then they were away again, galloping as hard as ever on the last pair of horses, which Olaf calculated would about bring them to the post-

As they went along in their mad career, the Dane noticed a little stone tower, away off to he right of the road, on a tiny swell in the blain. This tower was distinguished by a number of lanterns on the top, arranged on a framework, and these lights were moving about through the night in a very peculiar manner.
"What is that, Nicolai?"

"That?" grunted the Cossack. "Who knows? They say that the devil lives in those towers, or sends some of his imps there. They had no such black deeds in the old czar's time. They have one between every post-house, and sometimes two, all the way to Warsaw."

"But what for, Nicolai?"

"Colonel, I do not know. They say the czar talks through them, all the way to Warsaw, in a minute or less. But you wouldn't get a true Cossack to believe that, you know."

Olaf watched the queer-looking lines of lan-erns waving about wildly in the air, and won-lered to himself what it could mean. In those lays even the semaphore telegraph was a new thing, and not much used, outside of France. vever, he rode on without thinking much about it, and very soon drew up at the door of the Nicoloff post-house with his six horses pret-yy well exhausted by their forty-mile gallop in two hours and a half, reeking with sweat and

ready to drop.
"They won't be able to follow us very far on this road," observed the swordmaster with a grin, and then he swung himself out of the saddle, and rapped loudly at the door with the butt of his whip, but without effect for several minutes.

He knew that some one was in the house, for ae had seen the light, but the person was evidently a sound sleeper.

Nicolai, the Cossack, jumped off his horse and came to his officer's assistance, shouting at the top of his voice and battering at the door with his feet, alternately.

op of his voice and battering at the dolay, unis feet, alternately.

At last Olaf, full of anger at the delay, uttered a savage imprecation in Danish, and fired one of his pistols up at the window where the light still shone so serenely. He smashed the

Almost immediately they heard the sound of a grumbling, half-plaintive voice, and the shuffle of bare feet coming down-stairs.

It seemed that they were doomed to a repetition of former delays. But Olaf had not been in the czar's service six hours without learning a few things, and he soon showed his knowledge. "Who's there, this time of night?" asked a surly voice, inside. "Go away, in God's name, powest people."

Same as ever, changing horses as he went, till he came to the next post-liouse, some twenty miles further.

He did not pause, here, for he knew that the horses he had would last him to the next station, and he judged that the loss of time would he more than emiyalent to the regim of horses. onest people.

Bang!
Olaf had fired a second pistol through the door, and now he shouted, savagely:
"Open, in the czar's name, fool of a postmaster, or I'll burn your house over your head."
The bullet made a hole through the door, and they heard a startled cry from within, but the postmaster did not give way yet. They heard him shuffle up-stairs, howling all the way as if he was in pain, and Olaf realized that the Russian depended on the thickness of his door to defend him from a forcible entry.

"Come, we must give our friend a lesson," he said, to Nicolai.

The Cossack grinned, for he liked nothing better, and the two prowled round the house, till they came to the railed inclosure in the rear,

used for stables.
"Here are the horses, excellency," observed

the Cossack.

True enough, there were about a dozen horses, lean, scraggy brutes, in the corral.

"Why not take them and go, colonel?"

"Very true, Nicolai; we'll do so; but first I must chastise this impudent fellow. He must learn he cannot insult a Danish gentleman without paying for it. Take out a rail."

Nothing loth, the Cossack obeyed, and they went round to the front door, when a few viro-

vent round to the front door, when a few vigo-ous prods sent the door flying from its fasten-ngs, and revealed the station-master in his hirt at the head of the stairs, trembling with

Cear.
Olaf of Copenhagen dropped the rail, seized his whip, ran up-stairs and began to thrash the infortunate Russian, who made no resistance when he saw the rich uniform of his assailant, out merely howled in a dismal manner.

but merely howled in a dismal manner.

"There, you rascal," cried the Dane, putting all his strength into a final cut. "You'll try to stop the officers of your emperor on public business, will you? Tell me quick, how many horses have you?"

"None, excellency, none," cried the Russian, in a tone of pitiful entreaty. "Indeed, I have not a horse fit for you."

"Liar! What are those in the stable?"

"They are all lame, general, sick, blind.

"They are all lame, general, sick, blind.
Not one is fit to go out. All are at pasture."
"Well, I'll try them, anyway," and the swordmaster was as good as his word; for he rode off at a gallop, a few minutes later, driving all of the new lot of horses before him and leaving behind him only the exhausted horses from ig behind him only the exhausted horses from

As he galloped away, he noticed, not fifty yards from the post-house, another of those stone towers, and the lanterns were swinging away in the wildest fashion.

Olaf looked at it a moment and then far

thead. He saw another set of lanterns, up in the air, a few miles further on, and, like the others, these lights were swinging about. Then it flashed on his mind in a moment that e was being signaled about. He contrasted the treatment he had received

at the post-house with what the emperor's or-lers led him to expect, and his acute mind at once jumped to the right conclusion. Then, too, he suddenly remembered that he had heard of, although he had never seen, a telegraph.
And if the delay at the post-house arose from
the message signaled ahead, the tower in front
of him was probably already warned of his
coming. What was to be done?

#### CHAPTER XVII.

MORE than a hundred miles further on the road to Warsaw, that same night, the tarantass that contained the Princess Natalie Dembinski, on her way to join her lover, was halted before

another post-house.

About ten miles beyond the place where Iron Wrist was riding on, the household and baggage of the Grand Duke Constantine had gone into

At least three hundred miles ahead, thanks to

At least three hundred miles ahead, thanks to rapid posting, the grand duke himself, with the immediate officers of his personal suite, were rolling along on the road to Warsaw, having left the saddle for the tarantass as soon as fatigue compelled them to sleep. Constantine was a man who lost no time on the road.

Just as Olaf started on his gallop from the Nicoloff post-house, Tekli Aga, pale and weary, his head bound up, his arm in a sling, and otherwise in a general condition of dilapidation, rode slowly toward the camp of the duke's baggage, coming from the direction of Warsaw.

If Olaf could have seen what was going on at these same places at the same time, he would have been puzzled to account for it. He knew Tekli Aga must have been in a fight and got the worst of it, but he did not know that the prin-cess had gone a hundred miles further under the sole guidance of her brother, without an es-

As it was, at the moment when he galloped As it was, at the moment when he galloped off, another station-master, a great Hercules of a Cossack, was just informing Prince Ivan Dembinski that he "could not have any horses that night, perhaps not the next day. Who knows? gight, perhaps not the next day.
Hod is great and the czar is far off."

God is great and the czar is far off."

So that the irate young prince, not being big enough to thrash the postmaster himself, was obliged to put up with the delay for the night at least, little suspecting that the swaying arms of the semaphore had already conveyed the injunctions of delay as far as they had traveled.

The mist had prevented the transmission of inof the semaphore had already conveyed the injunctions of delay as far as they had traveled. The mist had prevented the transmission of intelligence in the early part of the night, but as soon as the fog lifted, the signals flashed along with the utmost rapidity, and the short half-hour in which Olaf had changed saddles for his last ride had given time to his relentless foe, the secret police, to get ahead of him.

Much of this he suspected, but he trusted to his luck to carry him through, and dashed along at full speed.

An hour's sharp riding brought him in full view of the red glare of camp-fires, which told

on as the very mirror of chivalry, that he was willing to abandon the emperor any moment to splease the grand duke; but he reflected that to ask in the camp would be to expose Constantine's secret to Draukovitch, who was there, and he had a sort of instinct that the aide-decamp was not to be trusted. Therefore he galloped on, full speed, past the cheerful glow of the camp-fires, which never looked so ruddy and pleasant as they did now to his tired eyes, and pretty soon saw, ahead of him, a solitary horseman coming slowly down the road.

Increasing his pace, he rode to meet him and soon recognized the Circassian Chief, Tekli Aga, evidently in bad plight.

"On, to help her," replied Olaf briefly, and gathering up his reins.

"God keep you. Take care of the Cossacks," was the answer, and then Olaf galloped off down the road on the way to Luitzen at the same wild pace at which he had come. He was pretty tired already, for riding sixty miles at a fast gallop, no matter how many horses a man uses, is hard work; but Olaf Iron Wrist was also worthy to be called Iron Heart in his constitution and pluck, so he galloped on the

more than equivalent to the gain of horses,

if he stopped.

The next post-house was only ten miles off,

and he changed horses twice on the last stage, riding up to the door with Nicolai on a pair comparatively fresh.

As he came up to the door, three horsemen were there, whose long lances showed that they

were there, whose long lances showed that they were Cossacks.

In a moment he realized that these must be the men who had set on Tekli Aga.

As he thought of this, he also remembered that his pistols were unloaded, for he had fired them off at the last post-house and had not releaded them

loaded them.

He reflected, however, that his position was now very different from what it had been the night before. He was no longer nominally a dependent of the grand duke, but swordmaster-

neral to the czar, a title implying a good eal of power.

He rode up to the door and found it wide open, the postmaster conversing with the Cos-

As he approached they all looked up, and he

took the initiative:

"What are you men doing here?" he inquired, in the angry tones of an officer of rank with a sharp temper. "What are you doing away from your barracks, and where is your officers?"

The Cossacks seemed to be amazed, for they saw before them an officer of authority in a rich uniform, and followed by one of their own comrades, a "red Cossack" of the Guard.

"Honorable father," began one, "we have lost our officer at the hands of a devil of a Circassian, and—"

"Then what are you doing here?" he inter-

Then what are you doing here?" he interrupted, as roughly as possible.
"We were trying to get a feed of grain for our horses, little father."

our horses, little father."

"Then get out of here. Poshli von! Poshli von!" and Olaf began to swing his whip to drive them away. Nicolai unconsciously aided the deception by crying:

"Go, you pigs, you long-eared donkeys! Have you no sense? This is the colonel swordmastergeneral, with dispatches from the czar himself. Away!"

Away!"
So the Cossacks shrunk back humbly enough.

They were not in the secret police, and knew not of the semaphore message.

"Now, station-master," cried Olaf, roughly, "out with all your horses in a hurry. A man who rides with dispatches rides fast. Out with them all quickly, or I will know the reason why."

But the station-master had been warned, and

in a moment began to make excuses—with the utmost respect it is true—but still to make ex-"Where are the horses?" demanded Olaf,

sternly, cutting him short.
"We have none, general; they are all out in the fields."

"Liar. The law obliges you to keep one set always harnessed. Thrash him out, Nicolai."

Nothing loth, Nicolai began to flog the station-keeper, who only danced and howled, while he protested that he was telling the truth.

"Take us to the stables, then."

"Certainly. Your excellency shall see for yourself."

vourself. And the man led the way to the stable. Sure enough, it was empty.
"Where are the horses?" asked the sword-

"Where are the horses?" asked the sword-master, and as he spoke he also began to flog the poor Russian, who between Nicolai and Olaf danced and howled in good earnest.
"Where are the horses? Quick!"
Seeing that it was no use to prevaricate, for the swordmaster and his orderly were beating him so severely that he feared for his life, the poor postmaster yelled out:
"Mercy, general! Oh, your excellency, your highness, I will tell. They are out on the plain, but I can call them in with the horn for you. I had to turn them out. Count Strogonoff has sent orders—"

sent orders—"
"That will do, Nicolai," interrupted Olaf, as he desisted. "Call in your horses quick. So it was Strogonoff's order, was it?"
He said this in a musing tone while the now contrite station-master was getting the horn.
Then the horn blew and the trampling of hoofs was heard. Up came at least twenty young horses, running at full speed to get their oats.

Olaf laughed for joy to see them. Strogonoff," he thought stop me if you can."
(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

## The Way He Saved Himself.

BY J. D. BURTON.

It is not often that a man who has steeped himself in crime until he has undergone the degradation of State's prison punishment ever truly reforms, but Dana Shields had yielded to a good impulse, and gone to work to redeem himself with such earnest effort, that in four years' time he stood as well with the world as if that dark episode of his wild young life had never marred it. So he told himself at least. But, after he got to thinking of Bertha Morris, he awoke now and then from vivid dreams of

his luck to carry min through, at full speed.

An hour's sharp riding brought him in full view of the red glare of camp-fires, which told where the train had gone into camp for the night, and he was sorely tempted to turn aside and ask after the fugitives.

However, he felt that to do so would be imprudent, as well as disobedient to the czar's orders.

About the last he did not much care, for he was so much infatuated with his early patron, the Grand Duke Constantine, whom he looked the full the flat-cars beneath, when one of these strangers came up and accosted him.

"Well, boss, me and Jake have made up our minds to follow your lead. We're a-going to work, and want you to put us onto your gang."

"I thought I had told you unmistakably enough that I would have nothing to do with you two," said Dana, with a flash in his eyes.

"Yes, I understand all that," returned the man, surlily. "You won't go in with us in that plan we talked of, but this is another thing. If we can't raise a stake one way we must another; we can't raise a stake one way we must another; so just you give us the job we're asking for, and be glad if we let you off that easy. I ain't sure see well!"

Apparently the threat had its effect.

"Have your own way," said Dana, and took care that the two were put to picking at different ends of the cutting. "For there's mischief of some sort in this move of theirs," he said to

the camp-fires, which never looked so ruddy and pleasant as they did now to his tired eyes, and pretty soon saw, ahead of him, a solitary horseman coming slowly down the road.

Increasing his pace, he rode to meet him and soon recognized the Circassian Chief, Tekli Aga, evidently in bad plight.

For the first time in his journey Olaf pulled up to halt in earnest and eagerly inquired:

"Well, what is it? Is she safe yet?"

"The lady is safe at Luitzen by this," returned the Circassian quietly. "The Cossacks got at me, but my horse was too good and led them a chase. I killed three, but a lance struck me on the head, and one of the cowards fired at me and made a hole in my arm, here. You'll find them all along the road, with horses used up. Where go you?"

"These two men will want a boarding-place,"

Where go you?"

"On, to help her," replied Olaf briefly, and gathering up his reins.

"These two men will want a boarding-place," said Dana, some hidden repugnance preventing him from addressing them direct. "Can you

to reach their own homes. A touch on the shoulder brought him about to face the master of the line.

"I hope you are fresh yet, Shields. Her are a couple of flats I want you to take on to Chestertown to night. They are ready here on the side track."

Not quite ready it would appear, for two or three heavy kegs were trundled past them where they stood, and loaded on under the roadmaster's supervision. The engineer received his instructions, and proceeded to hook on the former, and it was not until the train was under headway that he discovered two of the laborers still in the compartment.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded with sudden foreboding as he recognized them.

"Hold easy, Shields. Keep a civil tongue if you know what's good for yourself. You're no better man than we are, and we don't propose to see you ar-olling in luck and us at the foot of the heap. We're going to make a stroke for ourselves, and you've got aboard?"

"Spikes, I daresay, but I don't know."

them one, and that they may rest easy that I shall settle the obligation, for no man in the Shasts of the prisoner.

I hanged in all my life, and I've quite a curiosity to see the sight." The postmaster was striving to see the sight. The postmaster was striving to imitate the coolness of the prisoner.

It wouldn't be a bad idea, and it will give you some little inkling of how you will be apt to feel when you are swung off," Cherokee returned the shoods!

"Oh, yes, it is, and made and exposed for sale in some store in Cimabar, and when Judge Lyuch rises, one of these days, and the anary miners with arms in their hands hant you out of your holes in the mountains, you wont be given any choice of death but will be strong up to the first tree handy as a warning to other ver applying the lash to the restrive animals, and it is a hundred dollars on it?

No pals of Injun Dick had come to his rescue, the leader of the Black hoods!

No pals of Injun Dick had come to his rescue, the sale was a fonce obeyed.

No pals of Injun Dick had come to his rescue, t Chestertown to-night. They are ready here on the side track."

Not quite ready it would appear, for two or three heavy kegs were trundled past them where they stood, and loaded on under the road-master's supervision. The engineer received his instructions, and proceeded to hook on the caboose and engine; Dana sprung up and waved his lantern from the doorway of the former, and it was not until the train was under headway that he discovered two of the laborers still in the compartment.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, with sudden foreboding as he recognized them.

"Hold easy, Shields. Keep a civil tongue if you know what's good for yourself. You're no better man than we are, and we don't propose to see you a-rolling in luck and us at the foot of the heap. We're going to make a stroke for ourselves, and you've got to help us whether you like it or not. What's in them kegs you've got aboard?"

"Spikes, I daresay, but I don't know."

"Well, I do. It's specie for the month's pay along the line, and the vice-president is on the look-out for it at Chestertown, but it'll never get there. You'll drop us and it a dozen miles this side."

"Will I, though?"

The two dark, sinister faces turned upon him were answer enough, without the appearance of

"Will I, though?"

The two dark, sinister faces turned upon him were answer enough, without the appearance of a revolver simultaneously in the hands of each.

"We won't stand no fooling, Jake and me. You're in the scrape, and may as well make the best of it. We depend on you to manage the engineer, and give us time for a start before you get into Chestertown—an hour's as much as we ask. If we're took, your frien is and the company shall know it's a State's prison bird they've been making so much of."

Dana flinched. "You ruin me with the company in any case," he said.

"Then come in with us," urged the man. "We never go back on a pal. What's that for?" suspiciously, as Dana leaned out to signal with his light.

He made no answer, but turned in a moment, He made no answer, but turned in a moment, the signs of a struggle in his working face. "I'm with you, sin e you give me no choice," he announced, and left the caboose to make his way to the engine. A jerking motion of the train showed him that the speed had been increased, and it was not without peril that he sprung across the couplings to the tender. "Better that I should go under the wheels than aid in their purpose," he muttered, between his set teeth, and in another moment he had cut off the train.
"You signaled more speed," said the engineer.

"You signaled more speed," said the engineer, as he entered the cab. "What for? We were faster than regulation time, as it was."
"The couplings have parted," Dana explained.
"Keep well ahead."

"Keep well ahead."

It was a necessary cartion. A steep downgrade of four miles lay ahead of them, and at the end of it was the river, spanned by a trestle-work sixty rods long.

The glaring headlight of the engine flashed over the surrounding landscape; the pursuing train rushed after with increasing force, and the caboose, having no weight to hold it down, began to jump the rails and bounce back upon them with terrific jars.

"If them fellows don't put on the brakes, they'll go into the river as sure as fate," said the engineer, and not being railroad men the catastrophe overtook them.

engineer, and not being railroad men the catastrophe overtook them.

The engine slowed as it neared the bridge and passed over in safety, but the caboose leaped clear off the rails and turned completely over before it struck the water and sunk beneath it, while the loaded flat-cars following, kept the track and came to a stand on the other side.

An inquest was held upon the bodies of the two drowned wretches, but the affair was adjudged an accident with no blame attaching to any one, and Dana Shields alone knew of the loss which had threatened the company, or of the dangerous expedient by which he had saved it and himself.

## Captain Dick Talbot, KING OF THE ROAD:

The Black-hoods of Shasta.

A wild story of life in the Cinnabar Valley; of the mer who toll—the men who rob—and the men who kill; of the h-nted and the hunters; weird as the pines of the wild Western land, strange as the men who people the hills and valleys over which great

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN. AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK, THE SPORT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV CHAPTER XXV.

MEN WHO WERE NOT EXPECTED.

THE ambuscade had been chosen with excellent judgment. The trail at this point traversed a small prairie, dotted here and there with clumps of timber, around and among which the road ran, and although, in addition to the driver, who, as we have stated, was fairly bristling with weapons, the best deputy the sheriff boasted sat on the box with a breechleading rifle laid across bis lan his finears on the lcading rifle laid across his lap, his fingers on the

All due precaution seemed to be taken against a surprise, but what could mortal man do, even one as well versed in the customs of the mountain region as the sheriff's deputy, when from an innocent-looking clump of timber a horseman rode, and, not ten paces from the trail, "covered" the official with a cocked rifle, and ne same moment another masked man ap red on the right, one directly ahead and two

Against such a force it was madness to offer resistance, and the sheriff fairly groaned when he realized how completely he was entrapped.

He suck how completely he was emrapped.

He sunk back in his seat and cursed his ill luck.

The prisoner laughed as he watched the expression upon the face of the burly official.

"Well, sheriff, I reckon that I won't ride to Yreka with you," he said, quietly.

"Durn the luck!" the sheriff cried. "Again way've played best tramps."

"Durn the luck!" the sheriff cried. "Again you've played best trumps."

"A chance for you to carry out the Governor's order now," Cherokee suggested.

"I reckon that my life is worth as much to me as anybody else's life, and I ain't anxious to cash my checks yet. The trick is yourn, pardner, and I pass." And with the word he unfastened the lariat which bound him to the prisoner. "Oh, no! ef I was to go for you I reckon that your gang would go for me, and so, no sugar in mine, thank you."

"A sensible conclusion!" Cherokee exclaimed. "Well, take care of yourself," and the prisoner moved to rise, but a sudden thought checked him. "By the by, just have the kindness to unlock these playthings, will you!" and he held up his wrists encircled by the steel bracelets as he spoke.

"Of course; anything to oblige," replied Dancer, with a grimace, and at once he produced the law and weeked the key and wee

"Of course; anything to oblige," replied Dancer, with a grimace, and at once he produced the key and unlocked the handcuffs.

"And now my weapons, please. I'm sorry that I can't stay longer, but I cannot be always with you, you know."

With another wry face the sheriff presented Cherokee with the elegant tools which had so often stood him in good need.

"Ta, ta! Take care of yourself. See you again some time; and, sheriff, I won't be hard on you for your share in this night's work, for you have only done your duty, but for the others—well, when you get back to Cinnabar, just give my compliments to both the postmaster and the Governor, and tell them that I owe

hills of Shasta.

The coach went on a hundred yards or more, and then making a circle to the right, wheeled around and took the back trail toward Cinnabar.

For once in his life, at any rafe, if never before, the bold Cherokee had been taken entirely by surprise. He had been sure when the coach had been stopped that it was through the kindly devices of ardent friends, but when he looked around him and saw that he was surrounded by the road-agent gang, the Black-hoods of Shasta, he began to ask himself if he hadn't jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The coach had disappeared in the distance, and the road-agents, still with leveled weapons in their hands, began to close in upon him.

If the strangers were friends they came in a very unfriendly fashion, and Cherokee, always a firm believer in the idea that the best way to meet danger was with a bold front, pulled out his revolvers and prepared to stand upon the defensive.

The highwaymen at once perceived the de-

In revolvers and prepared to stand upon defensive.

The highwaymen at once perceived the design, and their leader called out:

"You fool! do you think that you can fight us?"

"I reckon that I can try," Cherokee replied,

We are five to one! If you are wise, you "We are five to one! If you are wise, you will throw down your weapons and surrender."
"Not by a jugful," was the answer. "I don't know what you want with me, but I'm going to find out before I allow you to come any nearer. You're all within range now, and I give you fair warning that I shall plug some of you if you advance."
"We are friends."
"Prove it by putting up your pears."

"Prove it by putting up your weapons."
"Haven't we proved it by rescuing you from the sheriff?"

Cherokee pricked up his ears at this question.
How did they know who was in the coach?
"Why did you interfere in this matter? What is your little game?" he demanded.
"Well, we want just such a man as you."

"Well, we want just such a man as you."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes; and since you have fallen out with the law, why, you had better fall in with us."

Cherokee had had an idea, when he first heard the voice of the speaker, that the man was no stranger to him, for his ears were wonderfully correct in this way, and the more he heard of the voice the more certain he became that his suspicion was not without foundation.

"I'm very much obliged to you for your offer, but I'm the poorest man in the world to work in company. When I am not all for myself, I am not really worth anything."

"Oh, you wrong yourself, I am sure, and we are quite willing to run the risk," the outlaw replied. "Come, say that you will join us, and you shall have a good position in the band. Remember that we have just saved you from the hangman's rope."

worth shaft have a good position in the band. Remember that we have just saved you from the hangman's rope."

"Ah! I'm not so sure of that," Cherokee replied, quickly. "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and to my thinking the chances are ten to one that I would have slipped through the hands of the sheriff between Yreka and Sacramento—that is, supposing that my worthy friend the sheriff had ever succeeded in getting me to Yreka, and I have serious doubts in regard to that."

"Mebbe you could have fooled the sheriff, but you can't fool us," the outlaw retorted. "We know all about you, Mister Dick Talbot; we know how you offered to buy your pardon from the Governor by hunting us down, and now that we have got you foul we intend that you shall either join our band or else we'll put you where you won't trouble anybody any more, in this world."

Although outnumbered five to one, and the coad-agents were armed with rifles as well as with revolvers, Cherokee was about to bid them o mortal combat, when he fell the victim of a willy trick

The moment Cherokee had sprung from the bach, one of the outlaws in the rear had slipped if his horse and sneaked into one of the little off his horse and sneaked into one of the little clumps of timber, and then, during the conversation, had taken advantage of the cover afforded by the bushes to approach quite close to the spot where Cherokee stood, and at the critical moment, when a bloody fight seemed close at hand, with a dextrous cast of a lasso, with which he was armed, and which he used with all the skill and adroitness of a herdsman of the Lower Californian plains where the long-horned steers roam, he insnared the desperate Cherokee. The prisoner had not expected any such attack as this, and had not been on the watch to guard against it, and so fell an easy prey.

The road-agents closed in at once upon him, jumping in bot haste from their horses. They bound him and took away his weapons; Cherokee made no resistance when once fairly in their

bound him and took away his weapons; Chero-kee made no resistance when once fairly in their hands, for he realized that it would be fruitless; fortune seemed to frown upon him now. "Well," cried the road-agent who had pre-viously carried on the conversation, "I reckon that you ain't a-going to have much choice about this matter, now; it is to be as we say." "No; I might as well die now as to go on for a week or two and then be strung up like a dog

"You ain't half so smart as you think you are!" the outlaw exclaimed. "We have been blaying roots on you, old man. We don't want playing roots on you, old man. We don't want you to join us; it was our little game to get you into our hands, for we've got the same arrangement with the Governor that you tried to make. You didn't make the riffle, but we did. Your death secures our pardon, so I reckon that we won't be in any danger of wearing a hempen neck-tie yet awhile, and how is that for high?"

CHAPTER XXVI. CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER

"The fact is, young man, we've stole your trick and the game is ours!" exclaimed another one of the road-agents, in tones only too well

one of the road-agents, in tones only too well known to the prisoner, and when he had finished the speech the man removed the black hood which he wore and revealed the strongly-marked features of Brockford, the postmaster.

Cherokee realized at once that he was in a position of great danger. He understood now who the men were, with the patches of courtplaster on their faces, who had taken up the postmaster's quarrel with the Bella Union girl.

"You were going to hunt the Black-hoods

"You were going to hunt the Black-hoods but they have saved you the trouble by hunting you," Brockford continued, grimly, "and your death procures us our pardon; and now, since we want to be easy with you, we'll give you the choice of how to die—what means do you prefer?"

These idle words irritated Brockford terribly, and he at once hurried up the preparation for the "hanging match."

A lariat was passed over a projecting tree-branch, a running noose made in one end, and Cherokee being placed under the tree the loop was adjusted about his neck.

"Mighty low down branch for a hanging scrape," one of the road-agents suggested.

"It's high enough," Brockford declared: "just so long as his toes don't touch the ground, it will work. Now, then, Mr. Cherokee, Injun Dick, Captain Tallbot, or whatever else you may be pleased to call yourself, I'll give you just five minutes by the watch to say your prayers." and as he spoke the postmaster took out his timepiece.

minutes by the watch to say your prayers," and as he spoke the postmaster took out his timepiece.

It was an impressive picture, and one hardly to be witnessed in any other land.

The moonlight was beginning to fade away and the faint light of the coming dawn was apparent in the eastern skies.

Cherokee stood under the tree, the rope around his neck; two of the road-agents at the other end of the rope had attached it to the horn of the Mexican saddle of one of their horses and stood at the head of the animal, prepared to lead it away, and by the action to launch the prisoner into the other world at the signal of the chief of the gang.

Death indeed did seem to be fearfully near, and yet Cherokee stood beneath the tree, as clear eyed and as calm of face as though he had not even the interest of a spectator in the scene. Brockford closed his watch with a sharp snap.

"The five minutes are up!" he exclaimed; "Get up!" cried one of the road-agents, smacking the haunch of the animal with his hand.

The horse bent itself to the somewhat unaccustomed strain, but hardly had the rope tightened around Talbot's neck when the sharp crack of a rifle sounded on the still morning air, and with a twang the lariat parted, and then with a loud shout some dark forms sprung out from the concealment of one of the timber clumps and charged forward upon the road-agents, and these worthies, always more ready to run than fight, took to their heels on the instant.

Nimbly they scampered to their horses, vaulted upon their backs and fled at the top of their speed, never stopping to look behind them or to take count of the number of the foe.

Brockford had run as swiftly and as soon as any of his men, for more than any of the rest he dreaded recognition.

The five road-agents had been put to flight by two men gowers the irrepressible reached.

any of his men, for more than any of the rest he dreaded recognition.

The five road-agents had been put to flight by two men, Bowers, the irrepressible vagabond, and the Indian, Mud-turtle, Cherokee's stead-

fast friends.

As Cherokee had informed the sheriff, his

As Cherokee had informed the sheriff, his friends watched as well by night as by day, for from the moment that Cherokee had entered the jail, the Indian had never taken his eyes off of it, and therefore as soon as the sheriff departed in the coach with his prisoner, Cherokee's two faithful followers procured their horses and at once set out in pursuit.

Following close behind the coach, awaiting a favorable opportunity to attempt a rescue, they were alarmed by the approach of Brockford and his gang, and, concealing themselves by the roadside, allowed the others to pass. They suspected that an assault on the prisoner was intended, for Bowers had a shrewd suspicion that Brockford was in some way connected either with them or with some other band of outlaws; he had formed a bad opinion of the postmaster.

with them or with some other band of outlaws; he had formed a bad opinion of the postmaster. And so, being fully warned, the pair had witnessed the Black-hoods wrest the sheriff's prisoner from him, and had then taken advantage of a favorable chance to advance to Cherokee's rescue. The sudden parting of the lariat, severed by the ball from the Indian's rifle, had dropped Cherokee all in a heap to the ground, and by the time he had got upon his feet again, the road-agents were in full flight, and his friends in full possession of the field.

Mud-turtle hastened to cut the lariat that bound Cherokee's hands, while Bowers, as was is wont, commenced to brag of the feat which had been performed.
"I tell you, my

"I tell you, my noble dook! that war a mighty hefty trick!" he exclaimed. "Never in all time did I see pilgrims like these hyer git up and dust quicker!"

And then, in answer to Cherokee's question,

Bowers explained how it happened that they had come so aptly to his rescue, and he in turn was astonished when informed by Cherokee that Brockford was the chief of the Black-hoods.

"And henceforth," continued Cherokee, "it
will be our task to hunt these Black-hoods down.

Mul-turtle, you must keep a watch upon the postmaster, and track him to the secret haunt of the Black-hoods among the hills. Brockford of course, will return to the town and pursue his business as usual, although he knows I am aware that he is one of the road-agent gang, but he will rely upon the fact that so long as this accusation is hanging over me, I shall not be able to show my face in Cinnabar; but if I can't go there as Cherokee, I can as some one lesse and I recken that I are retreated. can't go there as Cherokee, I can as some one else, and I reckon that I can assume a disguise that will baffle the eyes even of my bitterest foe, for in the town I must be. I've got a plan in my head in regard to the Governor I intend to work before I am a month older. I'm going to try some of his own tricks on himself."

"Big thing!" cried Bowers. The Indian merely nodded assent; Mud-turtle was always sparing of words.

ng of words.
"If the Governor was any common man, af-"If the Governor was any common man, after the way in which he has treated me, it would be either his life or mine. If he refused to give me satisfaction by a fair fight, I'd cowhide him in presence of the whole town, but, as he is the Governor of the State, and has the pardoning power in his hands, I mean to pursue a different tack with him. I want my pardon for all offenses done in the past, and I mean to have it. Now, my idea is this: I'm going to kidnap his excellency, carry him off to the mountains, and keep him there just he agrees to within. and keep him there until he agrees to what I

But he may back out of it under the plea

that you used compulsion, when he is set at liberty," suggested Bowers.
"I have thought of that; but first I shall hunt down and destroy this Black-hood band, and when that is accomplished, the Governor will see that I am decidedly in earnest and that he when that is accompished, the Governor will see that I am decidedly in earnest and that he will not be acting wisely if he attempts to either trifle or brave me. And then, too, the destruction of the road-agents will afford him a fair excuse for his action in pardoning me, for of course he must be able to give some reason to the public for the act, since the people at large haven't the best opinion in the world of me; and yet, Heaven knows nearly every one of my violent deeds, which has offended the majesty of the law, has been forced upon me by circumstances utterly beyond my control. There seems to be an evil genius who takes delight in pursuing me, and each and every time that I get fairly settled down to a quiet life, some untoward event brings me into some violent contest, despite my efforts to avoid trouble."

'You'll find peace, some time," Bowers re-"Yes, in the grave; nowhere else, I fear," Cherokee replied: "but come; we must get back to Clinabar, for I've got to change into some-body else before morning."

In three minutes they were on the road.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 481.)

## The Sailor's Temptation.

BY C. D. CLARK.

I knowed Jack Fisher from the time we went to school together on the shores of old Cape Cod, said Walt Turner, an' a better boy or truer shipmate never made an eye-splice or handled a capstan-bar. You know what us Cape Cod boys are, mates; all we think of is to get old enough to ship, and when that time comes, we are men. But Jack Fisher was another sort of boy than me; he took to eddication, nat'rally, and I didn't keer for that, and I always wondered that he took such a liking to me.

As if any one on earth could have helped liking the old sea-dog, with his open, manly face, and strong, true, earnest eyes! A sort of laugh went round the fo'ksel, and the old sailor grinned, and went on:

And our time came at last and we shipped to-

grinned, and went on:

And our time came at last and we shipped together on a three years' cruise. Afore we came back the eddication had its way, and Jack was booked for third mate of the ship, and I had settled quietly into my place, the harpooner's seat. This old paw of mine seems nat'rally to fit the iron, and ez fur me, I don't want any better berth than that. But we went away, boys, and came back men, and he a handsome, straight-built fellow, with an eye like a hawk, and the most winning smile I ever see upon a human face. Boys, I have heerd of the love of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of woman," and I think that's

I have heerd of the love of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of woman," and I think that's the way I loved Jack Fisher; and it was the word aboard the ship that some day that love would be tried; an' the time came.

We loved the same woman. I'd seen her first, the prettiest little maid in our port, the trimmest-built clipper on that stretch of beach from Cape Cod to Nantucket. I get to thinking, sometimes, and I seem to see her as she looked the day when I knowed I loved her, but didn't dare to tell her so.

cape Cod to Nantucket. I get to thinking, sometimes, and I seem to see her as she looked the day when I knowed I loved her, but didn't dare to tell her so.

I didn't love her less because I was afraid to speak, and I sometimes think ef I had spoken first, so true a heart she had, that she would be my wife to-day. But I only looked at her as a man looks at a beautiful star, something they like, but couldn't reach. All the sailors knew that I loved her and made a jest of it, but they didn't joke too loud, for I had a heavy hand, them days, and they knowed it.

The ship was to sail soon, and just at nightfall I went down the beach toward the farm with my mind made up to speak to her that night, if it killed me. My path took me across a point of woods, and then out of the woods upon the beach again, an' just as I cleared the wood, I heerd voices, and stopped.

Jack Fisher and Milly Deane! They came down the beach together, and I see that their hands were clasped, her eyes looking love to his, an' then I knowed thet the man I loved had stolen my one woman of all the women on the earth. As I stood there staring, my mind in a whirl, Jack saw me.

"Oh, Walt, old fellow, dear old boy!" he said, in his fresh, manly voice: "I'm glad you've come, because I want to tell you that Milly is to be my wife when we come home again."

I don't know what I said or how I got away, but I saw in Milly's face that she understood what he did not, that I loved her, and was half mad and ready almost for a crime. He didn't see it, God bless him—he didn't dream that anything could come between us, even a woman, and I went down upon the beach and lay there until I saw Jack push off his boot, and Milly came down the beach alone and found me lying on my face in the yielding sand, and praying that the rising tide might sweep me away, never more to be seen by mortal eyes. But she saw me, stopped, an' laid her hand upon my shoulder.

"Stand up, Walter," she said, softly. "I want to speak to you." HAND-BOOK OF CROQUET.

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die. And let me say to you, Walter, that nothing, nothing, remember, must come between you and John Fisher."

"Fll do my best," I said. "But you know, Milly, how hard it will be."

The ship sailed and we in her. For awhile I had a hard fight to meet my old friend kindly, but he was so frank and free, so unsuspecting of evil, that I couldn't find it in my heart to keep it hardened against him. Yet there were times when, in spite of myself, the thought crept into my mind that if he were to die I might win Milly yet:

But the days went on and etill we headed

But the days went on and still we headed to the south to round the stormy Cape. Jack began to see something of a change in me, God knows I didn't mean to let him see it, and someldness crept into our intercourse can't tell how. And yet, it drove me half-mad, sometimes, to think that woman's face should part us, and I fought a hard fight with the evil

my own heart.
One night after we had run down Terra del uego, and had the Cape under our lee, there ume a time which tried me as I was never ruego, and had the cape under our lee, there came a time which tried me as I was never tried before. I was standing on the rail, looking ahead, when I heard a snapping sound, and saw Jack Fisher falling from the lee foremasthead. How he came to fall I don't know, for a surer-footed sailor never trod a foot-rope, but something had parted aloft, and down he came. Lucky for him it was that as he fell she heeled over or he would have dropped to the deck crushed out of the image of humanity there. But he fell into the sea under my very eyes, and I only saw him fall.

But he fell into the sea under my very eyes, and I only saw him fall.

My hour of temptation had come, mates. I had only to stand there and see him go out of sight forever in the deep-blue waters, for he was stunned by the fall, and going down like a stone. It was only for a moment the devil held me fast, and then the face of Milly, as I saw it least deated here was early my snight was set. last, floated before me; an' my spirit was set

"Man overboard!" I yelled. "Bring the ship

And I went down head-first into the boiling water under the stern, and as I trod water and looked about me I caught a glimpse of his pale face and staring eyes as he went down for the last time. In a moment more I was after him, and when I rose again I was bearing up the senseless form of my best friend, and had forgotten all except my love for him.

senseless form of my best friend, and nad for-gotten all except my love for him.

The ship sailed on, while my cries sounded across the dark water, and a dozen heads ap-peared above the rail. Then the sails shivered, and I heard the creaking of the davits as a boat

and I heard the creaking of the davits as a boat dropped into the water.

Would they be in time?

I felt the body of Jack Fisher resting like a lump of lead upon my arm, and seemed to bear me down. I struggled hard, desperately, with my eyes fixed upon the coming boat, but at every moment I sunk lower and lower, and it was as much as I could do to keep his head above the waves. I'm glad to think at this day, that I didn't give one thought to myself, only I wanted to save him for Milly. But the boat did not reach me; a blurr seemed to come before my eyes, an' then I knew no more until my eyes opened upon the deck of the old whaler, and I knew that I was safe.

"Jack?" I whispered to the man who bent over me.

"All right; you cannot him!"

over me.
"All right; you saved him!"
"Thank God!"

"Thank God!"
Then I knew no more for three days, and when I came to myself I was lying in his bunk, and he was watching over me. I've had some good and bad luck since that time, but never shall I know so much joy as I did when I knew that I had saved him for Milly. They've been married many years now, and have children growing up, and they say that when this old hulk is too weather-strained to cruise longer, I must run into port with them. But I think I'll end my life upon the sea an' be buried under the waves I've loved so long. I think she'll be sorry—who knows?

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#### MARRIED TOO YOUNG.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My wife she was a beauteous thing,
And it need not be told
That when I wed I wed for love—
She married me for gold.
I'd past the vanities of youth
And settled down serene,
For I was only seventy-four
And she was seventeen.

I only had been wed three times And this was but the fourth— The happiest marriage did I think E'er made upon the earth, Our ages seemed so suitable,

Our ages seemed so suitable, And at a happy mean, For I was only seventy-four, And she was seventeen.

My head might lack a hair or two
Perhaps, of being bald,
A tooth or two, I'm sure, saved me
From being toothless called.
My head was surely wise with age,
My love was saccharine,
For I was only seventy-four
And she was seventeen.

It was a fashionable match, As everybody said—
She need not think that other girls
Would turn her husband's head;
And this assuring fact I know
By her was plainly seen,
For I was only seventy-four
And she was seventeen.

That she would ne'er grow old to me She ought have surely known, Also because I'm somewhat lame From her I'd ne'er have flown. Her people all were proud of me, And well they should have been, For I was only seventy-four And she was seventeen.

But ah, my wife was young and vain
While I was old and wise—
More than a father unto her
In all the name implies.
'Grandfather, then, you are,'' said she,
With proud and haughty mien—
Though I was only seventy-four
And she was seventeen.

She got to calling me "old man,"
Which I thought very rude;
To wear a cap and dress in gray,
Indeed, she never would.
She wanted to be vain and gay,
And dress like a May-queen,
Though I was only seventy-four
And she was seventeen.

And she was seventeen.

She had a very foolish head,
And I could plainly see,
Though somewhat blind, that she did not
Her idol make of me.
She ran off with another man!
Was ever such shame seen?
And he is only twenty-three!
And she is seventeen.

I know my heart would break to-day
Were it not old and tough:
Why she a young man should prefer
To me is strange enough.
The fault is she was far too young
To suit me; so I mean
To wed again at seventy-five
A wife of, say—nineteen!

## The Condor-Killers;

WILD ADVENTURES AT THE EQUATOR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, AUTHOR OF "SNOW-SHOE TOM," ETC.

THE STRANGE TRAP IS SPRUNG—JACK'S FIRST CONDOR.

HAVING divested the cow's carcass of the HAVING divested the cow's carcass of the skin, Elgardo cut out some great hunks of flesh which he covered with his cloak and then, assisted by the boy Nimrods, who were still at a loss to conjecture how he was going to catch a condor, he rolled the body to a cliff near at hand and dropped it into a valley far below. This valley was covered with a growth of prickly bushes into whose depths the condor would not venture after the daintiest morsel; and the Peruvian boy, smiling at the wonderment depicted upon the faces of his companions, returned to the hide.

As he did so, he looked up and with a crv of

returned to the hide.

As he did so, he looked up and with a cry of "el condor" startled our young friends. But strain their eyes as they would, they could see nothing but the serenest of skies. Not a cloud was in sight, much less the dark pinions of the vulture king of the Cordilleras.

Getting to his singular task again, Elgardo carried the hide into a large open place. To the fleshy side he fastened the pieces of meat with cords made from the sinews of the llams with cords made from the sinews of the llams find his mule gone."

was remarked by the Peruvian boy; but a surprise greater than that awaited them.

Upon entering the hut, they found everything that belonged to Jack and Nicholas standing in the center of the room.

"Some one has been here!" cried Nicholas.

"Alboso" said Elgardo. "See! he has taken only his own property. If the volcano has unsettled his mind, it has also frightened him from this country. He will never return. We will make the property of the condornation of the co

with cords made from the sinews of the llama and huanucu, and having concealed Nicholas and Jack at a spot from which they could see and Jack at a spot from which they could see the trap and not be seen in return by the peering eyes of the condor, the ingenious boy went back to the device, and, with a smile of self-satisfaction, crept under the skin! "Catching a condor with a cow-skin will prove as successful as catching a sly old bird with chaff," said the incredulous Jack, in low tones to his companion.

tones to his companion.
"I am not willing to confirm your judgment,

Jack," was the reply.

"You'll confirm it presently and help me laugh at Elgardo's wild scheme. A fellow who would stick to a tree and grapple with a jaguar single-handed would be the very chap to atwould sale to a tree and street the very chap to attempt to catch a gigantic bird, and one of the shrewdest of the feathered family, with such a

ludicrous device as he has fixed up."
Nicholas, the student, did not reply. He had
more confidence in Elgardo's condor-trap,
though he could not see how the boy would se-

Cure his prize.

In seeking food the condor depends almost entirely upon his keenness of vision. From entirely upon his weenness of vision. his station in mid-air, even beyond the sight of the Cordillerean hunter, he notes a carcass and at once descends. His sense of smell is very poor; a piece of raw meat wrapped in a pape and placed before him will not attract his at

Our impatient friends did not have to wait long for the appearance of the great bird of prey. A finger laid on Jack's arm told him that the quick eye of Nicholas had detected the condor, and a glance upward showed him the great bird descending slowly. Nearer and nearer, in concentric circles, came the condor, and at last his talons sunk into the flesh that crowned the hide. Then he fell at once to gorging himself, tearing the meat and devouring it with disgusting rapidity until Jack expressed his wonderment at Elgardo's inactivity. "Ha! ha!" laughed the boy. "My little Peruvian is caught in his own trap. He is afraid of the bird he has called from the skies. The condor has caught the boy, not the boy the condor. There is the best shot I shall ever get at the air-king!" and the speaker seized his rifle; but the hand of his companion was laid upon it. Our impatient friends did not have to wait

upon it.

"No, Jack. We must not offend Elgardo.
You forget that we owe him our lives. Think
of the jaguar last night. My word for it that
he is not lying inactive beneath the skin, for a
minute since I saw a hand rise from beneath it,

and it held a rope."
"A rope? I did not see it. What can the boy be doing?"
"We must wait. What! another condor?

That is one more than the boy has bargained

Sure enough a second condor pounced upon the meat, and speedily fell to devouring it. The twain did not fight for the spoils; but side by side tore the flesh which already beneath the

loud cry, and turning toward our friends called them forth.

The eager boys did not waste time in obeying

the summons, and as they leaped from the re-treat, the condors attempted to escape.

Jack now saw that Elgardo had not remained

dack now saw that Engardo had not remained idle during his sojourn under the skin, nor had he wished to leave it before he did.

The birds, uttering their peculiar cries, not unlike the hissing voice of the goose, continued to attempt flight; but a number of strong cords had been tied about their legs while they were gorging themselves. These cords were also fastened to the heavy and unwieldy hide, which they could not, tied as they were, carry

For many moments the trio enjoyed, to a cer-For many moments the trio enjoyed, to a certain degree, the struggles of the gigantic birds. "Cow-skin catch condor after all, eh?" cried Elgardo, turning a look of triumph upon Jack. "In this way the Cordillera herdsman catches many hundreds in a year. Sometimes, when he wants to kill many at once, he kills a mule and puts the carcass on the edge of a pit, so balanced that it will easily fall over. Pretty soon the sky is black with the great birds, and down they pounce upon it. Then by fighting over the meat, they draw it over the edge and it fells down into the pit. Not willing to less over the meat, they draw it over the edge and it falls down into the pit. Not willing to lose it they follow it down and gorge themselves so that they cannot rise. Then come the people, and with stones and clubs they put the birds to death. So, señors, you see we have many traps for the condor. This is but one of them. Now I will bole one."

So saying, Elgardo drew forth his bolas—that indispensable companion of the Indian of Peru—and took the lighter ball in his hand. Then —and took the lighter ball in his hand. Then for a moment he swung the other two in a wide circle over his head, and suddenly sent the strange weapon forward. A moment later the aim told, for the weapon encompassed the neck of one of the condors, and after a few struggles the great wings grew still, and the bird dropped mon the hide.

upon the hide.

"Now, my boy," said Elgardo, turning to Jack, "you shall slay your first condor."

"But I'd rather not shoot a captive. Can't you unloose him?"

you unloose him?"

The Peruvian boy smiled.
"We'll see, little señor," he said, and drawing his knife, he stepped toward the remaining bird.

When at a distance of twenty feet from him,

Elgardo halted, and seizing the glittering blade at the point drew his right arm back. "Ready?" he said, glancing over his shoul-

Jack cocked his rifle and fixed his sparkling eyes on the monarch of the mountains.

Elgardo stood for a moment with the knife drawn back, and then sent it whizzing forward. drawn back, and then sent it whizzing forward. A loud shout of applause from Nicholas attested the success of the throw. The North American Indian could not have thrown his tomahawk with greater precision, for the knife had cut the cord that prevented the condor's flight, and as it was the last bird to the feast, and consequently not so gorged as its companion, it rose at once into the air.

Up, up went the condor! Jack, though covering it, did not fire.

"Quick!" cried Nicholas, sharing the excitement of the moment.

"Quick, shor, or e! condor will escape."

But the young hunter did not touch the trigger until the noble bird had been given a fair chance for life. Then a loud report burst upon the ears of all, and the vulture-king fell over

the ears of all, and the and began to descend.
"Hurrah!" shouted Nicholas, carried away with enthusiasm. "A shot good enough to in-

with enthusiasm. "A shot good enough to invoke a Berdan's envy."

"I hit him in the head: wait and see!" replied Jack, in calm triumph.

A moment later the condor reached the ground, and Elgardo and Nicholas were surprised to see the boy's words confirmed: the bullet had passed through the brain of the bird!

Not a little pleased with their adventure, the trio left the spot and continued their journey toward Alboso's hut. Jack carried away several wing feathers of the bird as souvenirs of his first condor.

first condor.

By Elgardo's guidance the hut was reached at the close of day; but not a living object greeted them. The absence of the pet puma was remarked by the Peruvian boy; but a sur-

this country. He will never return. find his mule gone." An examination revealed this: the Condor-

hunter's beast was missing, while those belong-ing to the trio remained behind. For a minute the three gazed into each other's

faces.
"What is to be done now, señors?" asked
Elgardo. "I know the paths that lead to
Lima," and the Peruvian boy executed a courte-To Lima!" echoed Jack. "Who wants to

go back now? Do you know the Amazonian valley?" Elgardo smiled proudly, and said as he executed a second salaam:
"As well as I know the passes of the Cordil-

as."
"Then lead us to it!" was the reply. "We'll stpone our grand llama-hunt. Elgardo, we postpone our grand llama-hunt. Elgardo lub you el capitan—leader of this expedit Downward! is the motto. Three tickets for the

walley of the Amazon!"

"By-'m-by the little señor will hunt the shortest path to Lima," said Elgardo in a whisper to Nicholas, as he displayed his pearly teeth.
"Down yonder is a paradise; but it is jaguardom, the land of the boa, and the home of the

(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

## My First Exploit.

BY SYLVESTER MARLIN.

"Folly! Folly, my child! The man has absolutely nothing and no prospects. A very proper fellow, I admit, but not a mate for you, Delly. And the idea of your being so infatuated with him! Pshaw!"

"But it is not infatuation, father. I love Eldyn Harman—I have promised to be his wife."

wife."

"Give him up at once! I command it."

"You forget that I am of age to-day, and legally competent to choose for myself."

"Rebel! But wait. Wait, at least, until we know something more of this Eldyn Harman."

I had been in the city of Baltimore some months, on the look-out for anything that might

prove lucrative. Having the polish of a giate education, and thanks to introdu letters from my professors, I managed to retain my place in good society. But men have to work in some way, if they would live content-

Of all the fair faces it had been my fortune to Or all the fair faces it had been my fortune to meet with, none could compare in beauty with Delora Montello. For a while I worshiped in silence. Then, forgetting my almost impoverished condition, yielding to pure and absorbing passion, I declared myself and—was accepted. We loved most ardently. Many evenings of happiness comprised my after visits to the handsome country home on the York Road. Of course, I explained to Delora, and she was

side tore the flesh which already beneath the warm rays of the sun was becoming putrid. To our young adventurers the sight before them was exciting, and it was with difficulty, notwithstanding his late words, that Nicholas could prevent his young friend from firing at the birds.

But a new scene was about to burst upon their vision.

The trap was about to be sprung; and all at once Elgardo shot from beneath the skin with a famous firm of detectives on Calvert street; finally, was taken in by them on probation. The next I knew, I found myself

wearing a badge of authority, and in my ears

rung the serious injunction:
"Now, see if you can prove yourself valu-It had never struck me that I was cut out for

It had never struck me that I was cut out for the rôle of a detective; but I was in the business, and no mistake, waiting for an opportunity to display my talent, if I had any.

This evening I had entered the parlor of Guy Montello, the broker, unannounced—a habit not unusual after my betrothal with Delora—and the first thing I heard, issuing distinctly from the adjoining room, was the bit of conversation quoted.

room the adjoining room, was the six of contest sation quoted.

Presently Delora came in. She greeted me with the accustomed smile and kiss. But I could observe that she was ill at ease. She must have known that I overheard her father's speech, but no allusion was made to it. At ten o'clock I took my departure.

Crossing the worth my tee caught something.

o'clock I took my departure.

Crossing the porch, my toe caught something which slid and scraped ahead of me. A pocket-book!—full, too! Belonging to Mr. Montello, perhaps. I half-turned to inquire as to its ownership; but the shutters were already closed, and it would be useless to disturb the inmates of the bouse by sounding the door-hell at that late

the house by sounding the door-bell at that late hour. Next time I called would answer. Imagine my astonishment when, the following morning, the head of our department placed in my hands the following epistle:

"MESSRS. BLANKS—Detectives.

"Messrs Blanks—Detectives.

"Gentlemen:
"I have to announce to you the loss, on last night, of a pocket-book containing \$1,000. It was lying on my desk in a room rear of the parlor. No one has visited the house or been seen near the premises, except a young man of the city, by name, Eldyn Harman. While I have reason to suspect, I have not sufficient ground for accusation. The matter is placed in your hands. If you desire further particulars, call at my office, No. —, Exchange Place.

"Respectfully,"

"Guy Montello."

"What does it mean?" asked the chief. "Mean?"—I was crimson to the temples.
"Why, here is the pocket-book. I found it on
the porch when leaving, late last night, and intended to return it to-night."

"Were you with Mr. Montello in his private

"Whom did you see there?"
Again I flushed; but replied:
"It is necessary for me to state that Miss
Montello and myself are betrothed. My visits
there are almost nightly." And were you with her every minute

of your stay?"
"Yes, every minute, as I am sure she will in form you if required."

At this juncture a messenger appeared, bearing a missive. It was another note from Mr. Montello, dated at his residence, York Road, and

ran as follows: "Gentlemen:
"Gince my last communication to you, I have suffered another loss. \$5,000 in U. S. bonds are missing from the same desk from which the pocket-book was stolen. I had placed them there in view of a negotiation for to-day. If we can find the party who took the pocket-book, we will, doubtless, strike the trail of the bonds. \$1,000 reward.
"Guy Montello."

Our chief gave vent to a whistle. This looked like rushing things. He gazed keenly at me, tapping thoughtfully on the table with the pocket-book which I had promptly handed to

"Has Mr. Montello approved your wooing of his daughter?" he inquired, at length. "Quite the contrary. But she is of age,

Is he aware that you are connected with the force?

'I have not mentioned the fact to any one." There was a brief consultation between my periors, ending with:

"Harman, in the mere case of the pocket-

book, it might be returned with explanations. The bond business, however, gives the affair some intricacy. While satisfied of your innocence, still we must work the case up. Leave the pocket-book with us. Say not a word to any living coul."

any living soul."

I was very dejected at this phase in my life. Notwithstanding their expressions of belief in my innocence, I felt that I was under a cloud. In after times I learned that I was "shadowed" by more than one member of the bureau. Acting, though, with a knowledge of the wisdom of my superiors, I "said nothing."

That night Delora and I were again seated side by side. any living soul.

Have you heard of my father's loss, El-

dyn?"
"Pray, of what kind?" I returned, indif-"Five thousand dollars in bonds. A detective was here this afternoon to get the num-

I professed surprise and a deep interest in the news. Then our conversation dropped to low tones on love matters and the future. The ours glided on unheeded. It was after twelve o'clock when I arose to go, and was finally em-bracing my darling, when a female attendant ne noiselessly from the doorway.
'Miss Delly!' Whispered a

"Whatever in the world can be the matter with your father?"

"Explain, please, Ruth."
"Why, I didn't know he was a somnambu-

A somnambulist!" we both exclaimed. "Sh! 'Sh! Just come this way. Don't make any noise." And when we had silently tiptoed around the sward to the rear of the

house she said: "Look! Look there!"

At the edge of the vine-clad arbor, half-ghostly in the moonlight, a form was crouching and digging. It was Mr. Montello in stocking-feet and dressing-gown.

"He did the same last night, Miss Delly," de-clared the maid in a bushed voice. "and when

clared the maid, in a hushed voice: "and when Mr. Harman went away, I saw him come around to the front and go all over the porch as if hunting for something. Whatever does it mean—do you know? I am real scared about

The two were mystified. I was not. If not a born detective, I at least possessed a reasonable stock of perception. The ghostly figure soon reëntered the house. I strode forward,

soon reëntered the house. I strode forward, followed by the others, and in a few seconds we had unearthed—two packages of bonds, \$5,000 in each, contained in a stout tin, keyless box. "Ah!" exclaimed Delora, "I see how it is. Father is a somnambulist—though, very strangely, I never knew it—and has been rob-

"Do not speak of this in any way. Let the money remain there," I admonished. Oblige me, for I have a great object."

They promised. As I hurried homeward, I muttered:

muttered:
"Somnambulist, indeed! I recall, now, his words to Delora: 'Wait until we know something more about this Eldyn Harman.' The mean old sinner! I did not think him vile as that. Well, we shall see, Mr. Montello."

A third note came to the office next A. M., announcing an additional loss of \$5,000 in bonds drawn from deposit and intended for much the

drawn from deposit and intended for market A second reward, aggregating \$2,000, was now offered, and again was suspicion thrown on me as being present that night.
"Well, I was present?" I exclaimed, and proceeded to relate all I had seen, naming my wit-

My superiors were now quick to coincide with my conclusions: that Guy Montello was striving

that the father of my betrothed was guiltless of any real intent to injure me. The case was one of those which frequently occur; such an intense occupation of the mind by one subject while awake that it still held the brain when asleep. The remarkable part, however, consists in that, while no definite plan for getting rid of me had been devised during waking moments, the plot was conceived in absolute slumber. He confessed to having dreamed something of the kind, but invariably forgot it on awakening. The discovery of the bonds was an honest surprise to him.

to him.

"Well, Mr. Montello," said the chief, in conclusion, "Mr. Harman has earned the \$2,000 reward. You had better pay it over to him and—let it go toward defraying expenses of the wedding trip. We'll keep the episode out of the papers, so far as real names are concerned."

And so it was arranged. My first exploit as a detective was to secure myself a good wife. I have performed much more difficult tasks during several wears now spent in the service.

ing several years now spent in the service. PORTS PASTIMES

#### Camping Out.

One of our young friends asks us for a set of papers on "Camping Out," on the plea that vacation is near, and that he and his friends want to know a little about how to do it, where

want to know a little about how to do it, where to go and what to carry.

We are the more willing to help our young friends with our advice, because the pleasantest memories of our life are connected with the memories of our life are connected with the camp-fire, and because the greater part of four years of our existence was passed in open air, or under canvas. Many a time since that have we been tempted to leave the hot, dusty city in June and July, and to join the noble army of tramps, who camp out all the time, and we have always advised every young friend who has asked us for advice where to spend his vacation, to "go to the woods and camp out."

for advice where to spend his vacation, to "go to the woods and camp out."

We are also glad to say that whenever our advice has been taken, the youngsters who have gone out, have always come back to thank us for giving them a good time. There is, in fact, no pleasure in life so pure and unalloyed as that of a party of boys who go out to the wild woods with the determination to rough it by camping out, so long as the weather is fine.

We should not advise any party to start on such a tour in November. A winter camp has its charms, but they are only accessible to old hands, who know the secrets of camping and how to make themselves comfortable. We remember well being one of such a party, years

member well being one of such a party, years ago, in a wild West Virginia valley, all recently wounded men, discharged from hospital, and turned out of the cars into a desolate place, with six inches of half-melted snow on the

ground, just about sunset.

"There, men," said the quartermaster, looking out of his comfortable office at our shivering party. "There is your ground. Go into camp and make yourselves comfortable."

Comfortable! It looked like a hopeless task. There was the valley white with snow, a few bleek charges persing through; on each side

There was the valley white with snow, a few black stumps peeping through; on each side bare hills towering up, and at the top of the hills a scanty fringe of scrubby oaks and beeches. Nevertheless, it is an actual fact that, in less than an hour after, our party was ensconced in a row of little white shelter tents, the ground dry beneath us, and, in front of each tent, a blazing fire, on which simmered our little coffee-pots, while a big frying-pan sputtered merrily under the hissing pork. We were actually "comfortable," and slept "like tops" that night.

And what was the mystery of our comfo And what was the mystery of our comfort? Very simple. Each man had a piece of shelter tent, a haversack with some pork and hardtack, and a little india-rubber bag of coffee and sugar, while one of the party had borrowed an ax. That, with a blanket apiece and an india-rubber poncho, was all our provision for comfort, and with it we soon procured all the rest. The coming on of a sharp frost which hardened the ground under the snow, made our labors easier; but even in mud we have seen good comfortable camps made, where wood is plenty. To parties of boys wishing to camp out, we

have a few words of advice better than all els take as few things with you as you can.
essentials are a knife and hatchet to each n The per of the party, a woolen blanket and a rubber ber of the party, a woolen blanket and a rubber one, coffee, sugar and salt pork. All the rest you can do without, if you are in the woods, where game is plenty and fish abundant. Even bread is not so essential as you would think; and if you cannot get on without it, take it in the form of flour to make cakes. One fryingen to the party a quart cun and a pint cun pan to the party, a quart cup and a pint cup, both of tin, to each, and at least one box of matches in a water-tight tin case to every person in the crowd, and you are set up for cook

fishing-rods are of course valuable where fish are plenty, but lines and hooks are the only real necessaries, as rods can be cut wherever hazel grows. Guns are also valuable, but—for boys—dangerous, while bows and arrows, in expert hands, will kill game as well as guns, without frightening all the other game in the mighle-phood.

neighborhood.

The fact is, as Maurice Thompson frequently observes, that a careful cultivation of the use of the long bow leads to innumerable pleasures, and we have known a party of boys furnished with bows to keep themselves in food in a wooded country for a ten-days' trip with great results in the way of pleasure.

There are all sorts of birds and animals in the great woods of Orange, Delaware, Ulster, Greene and dozens of other counties that could be named, in New York State alone, that are plentiful and good to eat. All Pennsylvania and every Midland State is full of such, squirels organized to the state of the and every Midland State is full of such, squirrels, opossums, raccoons, chipmunks, hares,
jays, robins, none very shy and only needing
patience and a sure aim to bring them down.

To acquire the art of shooting game with the
bow and arrow is by no means a matter of great
difficulty to a healthy boy with good eyesight.

As Maurice Thompson suggests, targets are of
little use to shoot at as practice for game practice. A rubber ball suspended from a string under a tree in front of a high bank of soft earth
is the proper target for the would-be archer.

Beginning at a distance of ten or twelve feet,
and gradually increasing till the mark can be
struck nine times out of ten at a hundred feet
the progress made in a week's steady drill is
amazing. The high bank catches the waste
arrows and saves trouble in hunting for them:
but when a boy can hit a common rubber ball
at a hundred feet, stationary or slightly swinging, he is quite fit to begin at a hare, squirrel or

ng, he is quite fit to begin at a hare, squirrel or

The archer does not pretend to shoot his game flying. He has no need. His silent arrow doe not scare all the animals in the neighborhood like the loud thunder of the double-barrel gun and he can live for weeks in plenty, in a place where the gun-hunter would soon drive every feather and hair in the way of game out of the

As for fish, many a party of artists on sketching tours in the Adirondacks lives on little else for weeks, in places where the trout are so thick that one may catch twenty pounds in an hour.

lem: how to get the most enjoyment out of this

lem: how to get the most enjoyment out of this sum in two weeks?

Perhaps the best answer is to show what four boys of our acquaintance once did in the same case, starting from New York city.

In the first place these youngsters determined to make a boat trip of it, and hired a large Whitehall working-boat with mast and sail for five dollars a week. This took ten dollars out of their eighty. There were two guns, (both single-barrels), a pistol and three fishing-rods in the party, with two sets of hooks and lines to each rod.

It may be objected that these boys got their

It may be objected that these boys got their boat too cheap, but from inquiries made at the Battery, New York city, we found that the price was rather high, \$4 a week being a common figure, and inasmuch as New York is an exceptionally dear place, we can assume \$5 as the outside price per week to be paid for a party of four in a boat. Of course they must be familiar with the water or no boatman would hire his craft to them, for fear of accidents.

To return to our boys. They had \$70 left with which they laid in provisions in the following extravagant style: Eight pounds of coffee, the same of sugar, a box of hard-tack, fifty pounds of salt pork and some twenty or thirty cans of all sorts of minor delicacies.

The exact items I forget, but I remember that the whole sum expended on provisions was only \$15 at the time they pulled out into the stream. It may be objected that these boys got their

only \$15 at the time they pulled out into the stream.

They had in the boat an ax and a little lath-hatchet, which constituted all their tools. Each boy had his tin cup, while the whole party had a kettle and frying-pan, with tin plates and kitchen knives, forks and spoons.

Thus equipped this little party started up the Hudson river in July, intending to make Newburg by the first night, but did not get so far. They beached their boat on a rocky island in the river, where no one lived, camped out all night, had a jolly time, and in this manner went up to the Catskill mountains, camping on islands and catching fish whenever they felt like it. It may serve to show how easily they took it when we record the fact that they were three days in getting as high as Kingston, and two more on their way to Catskill, where they landed and went to a farmhouse inland, owned by a friend to one of the boys, who gave them all the shoot-

went to a farmhouse inland, owned by a friend to one of the boys, who gave them all the shoot-ing they wanted.

When they came back from their trip I asked the leader how much money they had left after they got back to New York, and he told me he himself had \$8 left out of his \$20. So much for the advantages of economy and knowing just where to go.

Base-ball. The season of 1879 has proved itself so far what old players, judging from the character of the League and other nines, predicted it would be, one of the most interesting yet known. While it is true that we have not had so many While it is true that we have not had so many games of remarkable closeness as in former years, the alternations of fortune among the clubs of the League have made the series quite exciting, and the rivalry between the three clubs formed out of the wrecks of the old Nonpareil Bostons, continues as lively as ever. The Chicagos, who gained such a heavy lead at the beginning of the season, still hold their own with excellent prospects; but the Bostons, who had fallen to a bad third place in the race, are creeping up to the Providence club, and bid fair to pass them before the season closes. Whether they can also gain a lead on the Chicagos is another question. Probably not, for they were seven games behind at the beginning of July. However, we shall see. The pennant seems to lie between these three clubs at the present writing, with all the probabilities in favor of the Chicagos for first place. The record of the season is as follows, to July:

er- ere es"	Clubs.	Chicago	Providence	Boston	Buffalo	Syracuse	Cincinnati	Troy	Cleveland	Won	Games Played.	To Play
rd-	Chicago		4	6	0	6	2	5	0	23	27	37
nd	Providence	2		2	4	0	6	0	4	18	29	35
an	Boston	0	3		4	0	4	0	5	16	29	35
ia-	Buffalo	0	2	2		3	0	5	2	14	27	37
m-	Syracuse	0	0	0	3		3	0	6	12	27	37
	Cincinnati	1	0	2	0	3		5	0	11	27	37
st.	Troy	1	0	0	1	3	1		3	9	26	38
led	Cleveland	0	2	1	1	0	0	2		6	26	38
ors	ATTA PYST I	-	-	-	-	-	-	10	-	-		-
ood	Lost	4	11	13	13	15	16	17	20	109	218	294

In the arena of the Nationals there is no such decided lead displayed as that which marks he League record in favor of the Chicagos. The fight is close and bitter between four clubs: the Nationals, of Washington, and the Spring-fields, Worcesters, and Holyokes, all of Massachusetts. The first place changes from week to week, and although the June record leaves the Holyokes in the third place, it is only from the accident of having fewer games scheduled in the week than some of her rivals, for her propor-tion of won games out of the number played is two per cent. higher than that of the Nationals, namely, 65 per cent. against 63. The record is

	as follows, to July 186:												
	Clubs.	National	Springfield	Holyoke	Albany	Manchester	New Bedford.	Worcester	Hop Bitters	Utica	Won	Games Played.	To Play
	National		3	1	2	1	4 2	2 2	3	3	19	30	34
1	Springfield	1		4	1	2	2	2	3	3	18		35
	Holvoke	2	2		0	2	3	4	2	2	17	26	38
-	Albany	2		1		3	2	2	3	0	16	21	35 45 35
d	Manchester	2		2	1		3	1	0	3	12		35
ı	New Bedford	0		1	1	1		3	51	3	12		38
	Worcester	2		0	0	4	1		2	1	11	28	36
J	Hop Bitters	1	1	0	0	2	3	1		0	8	23	41
1	Utica	1	1	0	0	2	1	2	1		8	23	41
3	Tost	11	19	-0	-	177	10	177	15	12	101	040	99

The college and amateur championship games offer nothing of special interest to the lover of base-ball so far, the tendency of the game to fall into the hands of professionals being more marked every year. As a professional season that of 1879 has been a success.

The college and amateur championship gam

A GEOLOGIST can tell whether a rock is 6,000 or 6,000,000 years old by the density of it as it strikes his head.

It is far easier to forgive the man who makes a fool of himself than to forgive him who has witnessed a similar exhibition of your own. A PHYSICIAN, finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said: "When Shakspeare wrote about Patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," she answered; "you don't

find them on monuments, but under them. It is always the young man at the picnic whose rear suspender buttons are endowed with the weakest spinal column who is selected by the young ladies to climb a tree and put up a swing — provided a young man with trowsers is not on the ground.

THE Boston Commercial Bulletin says: "The picnic season is come, and the wise man, when he goes out in the morning and meets a decorated job-wagon jammed full of happy, sweltering children, who are trying to sing in the intervals of having their livers jolted up against their palates, the wise man returns home and arms himself with umbrella and overshoes, for he knows it will rain that afternoon." e knows it will rain that afternoon.

ing tours in the Adirondacks lives on little else for weeks, in places where the trout are so thick my engagement with his daughter. Their reply to his note was simply:

"We have found the culprit, to a certainty!"

The chief and I visited Montello Cottage during the afternoon, and for the first time I displayed my badge of office.

"You have been barking up the wrong tree," Mr. Montello, "said my chief. "The very party whom you suspected has hunted down the true thief. A word in your private library, please."

It was a singular interview, and developed in the Adirondacks lives on little else for weeks, in places where the trout are so thick that relates: "A lame man carrying a basket of groceries went with these preliminary remarks let us next consider how one can do best in the hot months by camping out.

Let us start with a party of only four boys, who are all hard worked in city offices and who have a two weeks' vacation which they wish to spend in the woods. They are boys getting only \$5 a week and each has \$10 saved up, which, with his two weeks' vacation pay, gives him \$20—or a total of \$80 in the party. Prob-